

American

Dupel

SEPTEMBER 1954

MERCURY

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Who's Killing Minor League Baseball?	Al Schacht
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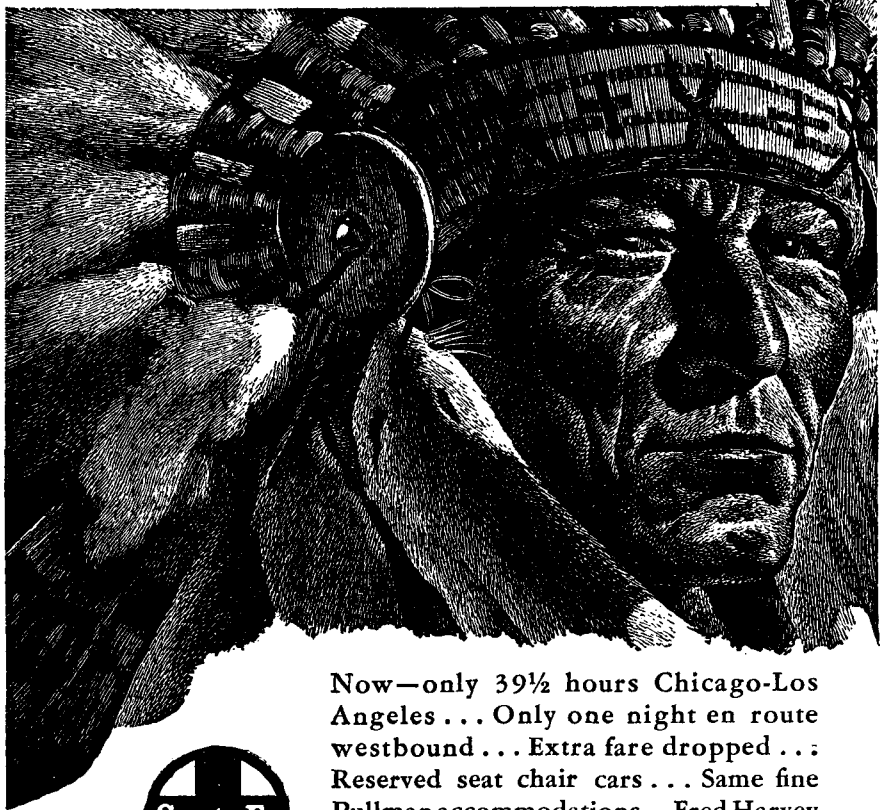
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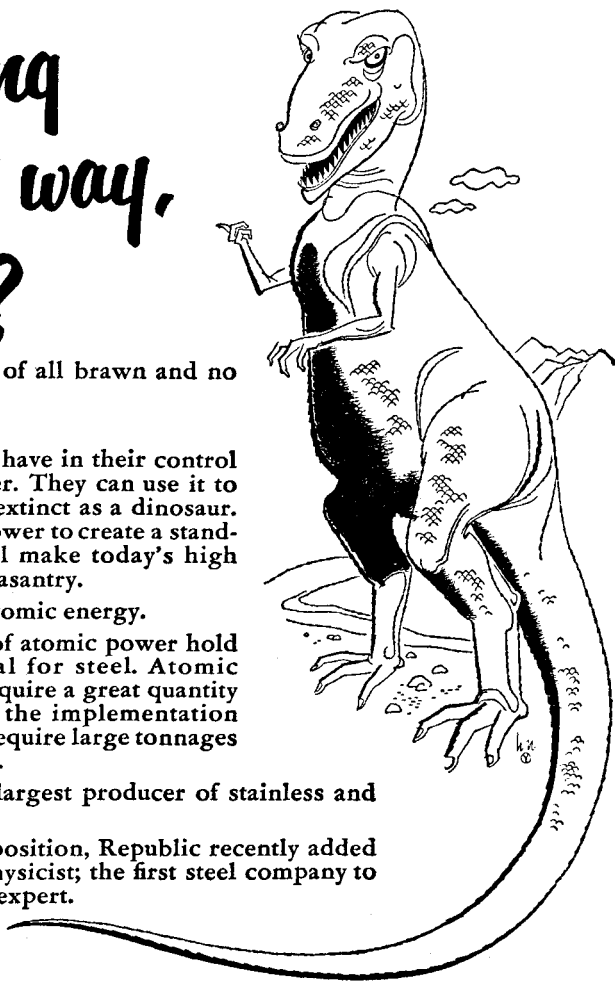
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Published monthly by the American Mercury Magazine, Inc. at 35 cents a copy. Annual subscription \$4.00 in U. S. and possessions; \$4.50 in Canada; \$5.00 in all other countries. Publication office, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. Editorial and General Offices, 11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., September 29, 1936, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1954 by American Mercury Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. Protected under International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. No articles may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission. Not responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

The

DARK

By John T. Flynn

ALLIANCE

WHAT is the average American to think when the New York *Times* and *Herald-Tribune*; the Methodist Bishop Oxnham and the Chicago Catholic Bishop Shiel; Gus Hall, National Secretary of the Communist Party; Adlai Stevenson and General Eisenhower are all united in one great cause — the war on Senator McCarthy because he is fighting Communists in Government? This curious collection of allies compels us to re-examine some of our cherished assumptions about America. If we will do that with candor, we will begin to understand why the Communist revolution in America is so terrifying a threat to our civilization.

The number of Communists in America is very small. Yet the most dangerous enterprise any public man can launch is an honest-to-goodness assault upon the Com-

munist Party or any of its satellite enterprises. Alone the Communists are helpless. But they have allies — powerful allies, numerous allies — who can be depended on to be at their side whenever they have an assault to launch or a position to defend.

The Communist movement is a revolutionary attack on our political and social institutions. But it has no intention of attaining its objectives by civil war. Its leaders know that our free system of political and economic life consists of a number of institutions — forms of government, systems of finance, of production, of transportation, of distribution, of education and of social life. The aim of the Communist is to break down, one at a time, these several institutional sectors of our society until the whole great edifice of this free republic collapses.

The Communist plan to accomplish this result is to activate some large minority — economic, political, social or intellectual — to weaken, disfigure and to wreck some one particular bastion or pillar or foundation of the system. There is nothing new about this. It has been done with incredible success in Europe. Now it is being done here. The appalling feature of it is the pathetic and shocking ignorance of supposedly educated and smart Americans who lend themselves to this dark alliance.

Had you talked to any well-informed Communist leader in 1936 and asked him how so small an organization hoped to bring this great, free system of American government and economy into the dust, here is how he would have answered you — if he was disposed to be completely frank.

“My dear fellow,” he would have said, “you must understand that we Reds are few in numbers — a few thousand against 125 million people. But never overlook this fact. We are experts. Your 125 million Americans are dopes. What is more, you are not a lot of duplicates. You are a collection of differing minorities. Each minority has its own appetites, hopes, hates, vengeance and dreams.”

FOR INSTANCE, to take just one example, there is that sizeable group which thinks of itself as an intellectual elite. It includes college professors, writers, editors, lectur-

ers, scientists, musicians, playwrights, actors and that considerable swarm of persons of all degree who classify themselves as “Thinkers” — dealing in ideas — floating around in space and vaguely known as “philosophers” or “intellectuals.”

For some reason the revolutionary spirit seems to be an occupational disease of the intellectual. But there are other groups. Government in a republic must be by majority decision. But unfortunately there is no such thing as a majority in general practice. There are only minorities. The business of the successful politician is to cultivate the support of a sufficient number of minorities to create a majority.

The Communist revolutionary knows this and has used it all over Europe, and now in America, with deadly results. And, to come to the point, the minorities which are doing with amazing success the work of the Communist revolutionary are found here among the intellectuals, certain sectors of the labor movement, certain sectors of Big Business — which is really paying the bills of the revolutionary movement while enjoying the diseased prosperity of the war racket — and the general run of American politicians interested in office and its perquisites, who have never enjoyed this prosperity on so lush a scale before.

First, of the intellectuals. The teaching world has been widely poisoned by this philosophy. It is a fact that college professors and school

teachers generally are, for the most part, paid less than the man who drives a milk truck in my neighborhood. Most teachers, I think, accept this situation as the inevitable hazard of their profession. But there is a large segment which distills in its heart a deep resentment against a system which pays a small business executive ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year and a mere \$2500 to \$5000 to a teacher.

For some reason, as soon as one comes to the conclusion that he or she is an intellectual, the virus of social discontent is apt to infect him. Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer is a case in point. He has described himself as "not interested in economics and politics . . . I was wholly divorced from the contemporary scene. I never read a newspaper or magazine . . . I had no radio, no telephone. I learned of the stock market crash of 1929 long after the event." Here is a large intelligence, focused on a single sector of the universe. But the philosopher in him distills in his spirit a scorn for the immediate and practical world about him.

Thus isolated from humankind and reality the so-called Thinker may be carried along into various giddy social extravagances, some ludicrous beyond belief. The history of Utopias throughout the ages is perhaps the most startling evidence of the capacity of men of great intelligence to pursue the most fatuous and silly ideas when they step outside their chosen fields. In America

today there is not a Communist enterprise which does not carry the supporting names of men eminent as writers, scientists, professors of history, literature and divinity.

DR. EINSTEIN is another example. When Hitler came to power in Germany, Dr. Einstein found that climate unhealthy and left. He might have gone to Russia — that Communist heaven only 500 miles away. Instead he sought refuge 4000 miles away in this capitalist hole, which he has been slandering ever since he arrived. Like Oppenheimer, he has confessed (when declining the presidency of Israel) that he "had a little comprehension of the natural and physical world" but had no talent for political administration. Yet he has described this country as a land of "economic anarchy" and has said there is only one way to eliminate its grave evils and that is through the establishment of a socialist economy. When Garry Davis renounced his American citizenship, Dr. Einstein was among the first to approve and applaud his courage.

The incredible industry of the Communist Party is attested by the fact that it has promoted its various objectives through what are called "front" organizations and that it organized over 1200 such leagues, councils, committees, unions, conferences and that in most of these will be found the names of writers, artists, teachers, university profes-

sors, including many eminent college presidents.

Indeed, it has become fashionable to criticize and denounce and sneer at the American political and economic system, but is now some sort of social error to support or praise public men who fight Communism and Communists in our Government. How else explain the strange attitude of President Eisenhower, who made the White House the GHQ for the war on McCarthy, without whose support he would not have a majority in the Senate? Apparently the reigning intellectual pose is that one's mind must be wide enough to leave at least one cozy little corner in it for this Red tolerance.

ANOTHER ally of the Communist conspiracy in America is that curious collection of big businessmen and well-heeled millionaires who can be found paying the bills of most important Communist activities. I have suggested that the Communist revolution in America has been and is being in fact financed chiefly by American millionaires and big business. This is not a mere weird suspicion. Let us take one laboratory case.

Russia planned, when the war in Asia drew toward its end, to deliver China into the hands of the Communist revolutionaries there. To carry out that plan it was necessary to cultivate the American State Department and to prepare the public mind. An organization known as the

Institute of Pacific Relations has been branded by a Senate Committee — unanimously — as having been used as a front for this purpose. Its first executive secretary was Joseph Barnes, who has been identified as a Communist sympathizer by three witnesses under oath. He was succeeded by Frederick Vanderbilt Field, a notorious Communist and columnist for the *Daily Worker*. Another secretary was Harriet L. Moore, also identified as a Communist.

To prepare the public mind for the betrayal of China, fourteen books were published here, written by IPR members or staff men, such as Israel Epstein, Mark Gayn, Philip Jaffe, Guenther Stein, Agnes Smedley, Anna Louise Strong and others. Practically all of these books were given wide currency through glowing reviews in the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune* written mostly by pro-Red reviewers. The Senate Sub-Committee identified and listed 46 persons connected with the IPR as staff members, writers or workers who were Communist Party members. There is no longer any doubt about the fact that it was this organization which, through its publications, its lobbyists and its members working in the State and other departments (such as Alger Hiss), disarmed Chiang Kai-shek's armies and broke down all resistance to the sweep of the Red armies over China and Korea.

But here is the black meaning of

all this. The work of the IPR in this conspiracy cost over two million dollars. What is more, while the Reds inside the machine did their deadly work, the enterprise had to have the clear evidence of high respectability. And it got both high respectability and money from big business. Much of the funds came from the Carnegie and Rockefeller Foundations and the Laura Spellman Foundation. Twenty-four big business corporations gave their approval and their money — such great concerns as the American Brake Shoe Co., Bank of America, Chase National Bank, Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., National City Bank, Otis Elevator Co., Standard Oil Co. of California, Time, Inc., and a number of others.

I do not charge that the officials of these companies knew what they were doing. I do say they financed this operation and that most of the important activities of the Reds in America have been financed by business — including big business — whether they knew what they were doing or not.

THIS SUBJECT alone could exhaust the pages of a book. The two magazines which did most to promote socialism in American colleges in recent years were the *New Republic*, financed by the great Whitney fortune, and the *Nation*, kept alive by contributions from numerous American millionaires. And now we are being treated to the revelations of the Reece Committee in the

House, which is making it clear that much of the subversive activities in this country have been financed by great foundations set up by American millionaires.

As an example, the plan hatched by George Counts and his gang to capture the schools for socialism was financed by the Carnegie Foundation (\$300,000). And to cap this necessarily brief reference to this subject, we find John Foster Dulles making Alger Hiss president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

There is one more group which has been playing the game of the Reds in this country. This includes our politicians of both parties. The Federal Government in its present tortured and disrupted state has become a vast pool of funds for both business and politicians. Let us never overlook the fact that the fantastic expenditures of the Federal Government go, for the most part, into the hands of large manufacturing and mining concerns, as well as into the pockets of wage earners. In 1933, the total wage disbursements in the United States were 29 billion dollars. In 1952, they were 181 billion. In 1933, the dividends of business were roughly two billion dollars. In 1952, they were over nine billion. The personal consumption expenditures of the American people in 1933 were 46 billion; in 1952, 208 billion. American manufacturing concerns collected 7½ billion in 1933, and over 88 billion in 1951.

To do this, however, the Federal Government had to go into the war as a business-making racket and had to borrow over 250 billion dollars for the job, which is still due, growing greater every month, and will one day come crashing down on the backs of the American economic system. But while it lasts, business and the unions have a merry time of it. But the Communist rubs his hands in glee. For he never forgets what Lenin said: "We will make the United States spend herself into bankruptcy." This is precisely what our government is now doing.

THE MOST melancholy aspect of this is that it is called some sort of new social miracle. Yet it has been worked with success in most of the countries of Europe. After the Franco-Prussian War, the German Empire set up in business — debt free — and with several billion marks in the bank from the huge French indemnity exacted by Bismarck. But the new socialist movement got under way, promising jobs for all and security for all to the people. Bismarck, frightened at this threat, decided to go into competition with the socialists. The various German states began to operate railroads, public utilities, mines, forests, telegraph systems. Bismarck was

aiming at taking over tobacco and spirits and began to establish state philanthropies — social insurance, compensation insurance, old-age pensions, and sickness insurance — as early as 1889. Bismarck fought socialists by sinking Germany in socialism.

But he could never pay the bills. Starting in 1871 with a huge surplus, the empire had a debt of five billions by 1913 and the Finance Minister warned the Kaiser that the "stability of the empire was in danger." World War I was an escape. When it ended, Germany was bankrupt and, in due time, Hitler took over as receiver, and he turned to the supreme project — war.

In 1938, Roosevelt's Second New Deal having crashed, he cried in despair to his cabinet: "No one tells me what to do." Hitler solved his problem for him. He attacked Britain, and America went into the arms business and finally into the war — that dread racket upon which we have been living in a fool's paradise ever since.

But the Red conspirators know it will one day blow up. The partners in this Dark Alliance in America — the Red, the intellectual, the selfish and stupid politicians and the short-sighted businessman — are hurrying it along at an ever-increasing speed.





September's Woodland Jewels

By GEORGE C. MATTIS

I LIKE to take a jaunt in mid-September's mellow sun to my favorite haunts of spring and early summer flowers. The delicate bloodroots and violets are now long forgotten; the wild geraniums and anemones are sear; and even the black-eyed susans and goldenrods along the waysides have lost the freshness of their prime.

But nature has no void in the long parade of color of her flora which begins with the peeping of the hepaticas in the early spring and extends to the lavish blaze of October's foliage.

When I first chanced upon the blue berries of the clintonia and the waxy, cherry-like fruit of the red baneberry in September's browning woodland floor, I learned that September's flora is not the least of the colorful procession. For the fruits of

wild flora display a brilliance of hues which is unmatched in nature even by the continuous procession of the long summer's blooms.

Feeling as though she were too frugal in meting out floral beauty to some of her children, Mother Nature makes a gentle gesture toward the less gaudy members of her family by adorning their withering stalks with gayly colored berries.

Few of us recall the insignificant, tiny, greenish-white flowers of the climbing bittersweet in June. But who has not paused at the brambled fence line to admire the extravagance of the bittersweet's bursting orange fruit and the exposed scarlet seed envelope?

The interesting but plain jack-in-the-pulpit displays a cluster of lustrous scarlet berries that brightens



the dying floor of the late summer wood lot. The small, drab flowers of the white baneberry produce a tall, loose cluster of fruit of a peculiar china white, each berry dotted with a prominent purple-black eye.

False spikenard and Canada mayflower, both of the lily family, are adorned with yellowish berries speckled with madder brown, the berries finally turning into a translucent ruby-red. The common false Solomon's seal of the same family produces spotted berries which ripen into a dull ruby-red fruit.

The true Solomon's seal dangles two blue-black berries at each junction of leaf and stalk. Blue cohosh of the barberry family displays its grape-like cluster of blue berries long after the stalk of the plant has withered.

And the bunchberry of the dry, wooded hilltops is more than usually blessed. For the bold, white flowers of this plant of the dogwood family are supplanted by a dazzling compact bunch of scarlet fruit. Even the humble feverwort or horse gentian yields a yellow fruit-capsule more striking than its tiny flowers of midsummer.

SHRUBBERY you scarcely noticed all summer long suddenly shows up with berries of unusual hues. The various dogwoods are bedecked with fruit of white, leaden-gray, or cadet-blue, according to species of the dogwood. The black alder or winter berry of the holly family might

easily pass for the common wild red cherry except that the brilliant orange-scarlet fruit of the black alder persists on the stems until early winter.

Most species of honeysuckles make a final bow in late summer with a show of berries of blue, orange-yellow, or scarlet. The partridgeberry, crawling half obscured by leaf-mold, bears a scarlet double berry united as a single fruit and born as a result of tiny twin flowers.

There is pure, unblemished coloring in many of these seed-capsules of otherwise plain plants that grow in the woodlands, along the brush-fringed marsh, or creek bottom. The pure blue of the clintonia berry is a rarity in nature. Scarcely any of our wild flowers ever approach a true blue but are a varying mixture of violet, purple, and blue.

The pure red of the wintergreen berry again is not matched by our native foliage. What passes for red in our wild flower world is an admixture of magenta, coral, scarlet, or maroon.

Where the reclusive blooms of spring and early summer shyly peeped, Mother Nature now splashes the withering greensward with fruits of bold and original color.

The purple-black of the wild sarsaparilla's mature ovary, the yellow of the dwarf ginseng berry, and the red of the orangeroor fruit beckon us to a September visit of the wood lots, odd thickets, and wild-grown fence lines.



WHO'S KILLING MINOR LEAGUE BASEBALL?

BY AL SCHACHT

The Clown Prince of Baseball

A LONG time ago they used to sing, "Don't Blame It All on Broadway." Today I sing, "Don't Blame It All on Television." I'm not clowning. I'm writing seriously about the collapse of fifteen minor leagues — 120 clubs — since 1950.

In 1950 we had 51 minor leagues. Today we have just 36.

There's a second line in that old song which asserts, "You have yourself to blame." In my book that goes double for most of the minor league club owners, past and present.

Minor league baseball not only hasn't kept pace with the times — it's fifty years behind the times!

I should and do know! I've been associated with professional baseball since 1910. Since 1937, I've put on my pantomime comedy act in every league under the supervision of organized baseball and therefore believe I am probably more familiar with conditions in the minors than anyone else.

Right at the start I want to assert that, in my opinion, the antiquated business methods, wretched facilities and the wrong attitude of the club owners would have led them

into their present predicament even if television had never been invented.

When I state that minor league baseball is fifty years, or more, behind the times, I mean exactly that. Back in the Gay Nineties, all a ball club owner had to do was put together a team, announce the playing dates, and let nature take its course. Then, in the course of time, along came automobiles, good highways, fine movies, radio, television and open-air theaters. The ball park no longer was the place where almost everyone, particularly the small-town inhabitants, went for entertainment. But what have the owners done, what moves have they made, to counteract all these new attractions? *They have done almost exactly nothing!*

Let's take a trip to a ball game,

with an average fan, to an average minor league ball park. What do we find? First, a poor approach to the grounds, which are usually located in the worst section of the city, usually without parking facilities. We enter a ramshackle ball park, which may be fifty years old. We spread a newspaper to protect our clothing against a dirty and oft-times broken seat, with splintered edges which tear hosiery. The playing field looks as much like a cow pasture as a cow pasture. The players wear dirty uniforms and often arrive late for the game, due to the rickety buses in which they travel. The lighting system is poor and often as not the ball used is so discolored it can't be followed. The rest rooms are filthy. Beverages are hot, and the hot dogs cold.

That goes for some of the Triple A parks as well as the Class D chicken coops! Could I expect to do business in my New York restaurant if the chairs, linens, and waiters were dirty and the food served cold and the drinks warm? And yet the owners wonder why people, used to clean, attractive surroundings, stay away from their ball parks. The owners have long since forgotten one of Webster's definitions of a "park," which reads "a piece of ground in or near a city or town, kept for ornament and recreation."

Now, let's take a look at management. The average owner thinks his job is done when a team

is put together and a schedule announced. His principal interest is in the development of players that can be sold for cash to major league teams. The average business manager has a belief his job consists of opening the gates, counting the receipts, and paying off the visiting club. He does not have the faintest idea of proper promotional methods and public relations. I know, because since 1937 (exclusive of this year), I've done 1,384 shows in ball parks and have dealt with hundreds of business managers.

Actually, there are only a few minor league business managers who will answer a letter. They believe in doing their business on the telephone because it is so much easier to pick up a phone than to answer a letter — or even send a telegram. Let me cite a typical example:

I had been booked for an appearance in a Southwestern city. I wrote the business manager of a nearby city in the same league advising him I would be available for a subsequent date. There was no answer. Then, as the date of the show in this Southwestern city neared, I sent a telegram. There was no answer to this. Eventually I telephoned the business manager of the nearby city, talked with him, offered the open date and he advised he would let me know by telegram. I did not hear from him.

I did my act in the Southwestern city. It had been well advertised and we had an excellent crowd.

After the ball game I was in the business manager's office when he received an unexpected call from the business manager of the club in the nearby city — the man from whom I had not heard. During the course of the conversation the B. M. from the nearby city inquired about that day's attendance. The B. M. told him they had had a near capacity crowd, mentioning my act. The other B. M. exploded: "Try and get him for us for Tuesday, will you?"

That's only one example! I could write a book about them.

And as for promotion! Brother! Often I have shown up in a town where I had been booked as an added attraction to the ball game only to learn that the B. M. had forgotten all about it. Not a mention in the paid advertisement (if any); not a line in the newspaper. Once, in a Triple A city, I arrived at the gate of the ball park through which the players pass and the gate-man said, "Hiya, Al. What you doing here?" *I was the only person who remembered my booking.*

I send along ahead of me advertising posters to be placed in windows, and frequently find them undistributed. When I ask why, the usual answer of the business manager is that the posters were not distributed because those who displayed them would expect a pass to the game. Baseball men of this type think they've done their duty when they open the gates.

WHAT's the answer? Well, if I owned a minor league ball club, I'd spend the necessary four or five thousand dollars a year to keep the place spotless, and make it attractive to women, as well as men. I would keep the playing field in condition, see to it that the lighting was adequate and the uniforms laundered. I'd pattern the services of the concessions on major league standards. I'd enlist the aid of five or six civic leaders and have them attending luncheons and dinners during the winter season, talking nothing but baseball. I'd copy the New York Yankees' tactics. They are far ahead of all other major league teams in promotional methods. Some of the other major league clubs are copying the Yankees' methods.

Just as an example of what good promotion and clean surroundings will do for a baseball club, look at what Milwaukee has done with a fine new park and a live-wire promotion department. What is being done along these lines in the big leagues can easily be done in a small way in the minors. People haven't got anything against the game; when they stay away from the ball parks it's because they are disgusted with the way it is presented to them.

In my book the man who made baseball wake up is Larry MacPhail. When he took over the Dodgers fifteen years ago and whooped things up, baseball people thought he was nuts — but Brook-

lyn never before had so much fun, and baseball was never more popular. The whole game got a big lift from the sound and fury that was MacPhail.

Yet Larry MacPhail was regarded as a menace by some of the old stick-in-the-muds who had been content to coast along with Gay Nineties methods, absolutely blind to the fact that new forms of entertainment were springing up, which if allowed to go unchallenged, could well put them out of business.

MacPhail really showed his brother magnates the way to do things when he shifted to the Yankees after the war. He attracted women in ever increasing numbers to the Stadium by putting in an attractive restaurant and lounging room and making the ball park spotless. Attendance jumped about a million and a half that year. I'll say this: If it had not been for MacPhail and the policies he inaugurated with the Yanks, major league baseball would still be where it was twenty-five years ago.

Now, back to the minors. They are still where they were *fifty* years ago. And the club owners who are still in business wonder why their patronage is dropping off all the time. What they need is a few hundred minor league MacPhails to go out and sell the sport to the public and present it under attractive conditions. Television has hurt the

minors, unquestionably, but not as much as the minors have hurt themselves.

I was at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Florida, this spring. This is a ball park that should be a model for every minor league plant in America. As I was departing, I overheard a conversation between a middle-aged vacationing couple. It went something like this:

"Did you enjoy the game, Helen?"

"I loved it, John."

"Maybe we should try going to a few games at home this year."

"No, John. Actually I shudder at the thought. Here everything is so beautiful, so clean, and at home — well, you know what I mean."

Why do I write these things? Because I love baseball. My hat is off to those who have seen the light, and have improved conditions in minor league parks. But there are not enough of them. The minor leagues are the very foundation of baseball and without the minors, the majors won't amount to much in the long run.

People ask me why I continue doing my act. Again the answer is: Because I love baseball.

I've got a million-dollar business and when the time comes that I don't get a kick out of doing my act, when I can't help attendance, then I'll hang up my top hat, my big glove, and my tail coat.

But I'll always love, and fight for, baseball.

I LIKE BEING 45!

By
ALICE DAILEY

I will admit that back when I was in the thirties and could still lay some claim to youth, it frightened me to see age leering from just around the corner. When a high school boy called me "Ma'am," it hurt, but it hurt even worse

SO OFTEN I hear people say with real longing, "I'd give anything to be young again." You can put me on record right now as saying *I* wouldn't be young again for anything on earth, and I didn't have a frustrated, unhappy youth either. It is simply that when I weigh the insecurities, the longings and the intensity of youth against the fulfillment, the wisdom and contentment of middle age, youth, to me, is the loser.

It strains at the leash. Forty-five is doggoned glad there is a leash to keep you safe and snug. Youth suffers agonies of embarrassment when forced to admit it doesn't know something. The forty-plus woman has learned that no one knows everything, and she can say with perfect ease, "I'm afraid I don't know what you mean." We all need to seek information throughout our lives, whether we're young or old.

when public servants such as policemen and bus drivers called me "Ma'am," too. Especially if they were handsome. I could remember not too long before when they used no such business-like terms.

But now, let's face it. I have lived the greater half of my life, and even though I get a shock now and then when facing a mirror in strong light, I *should* be looking older. The joys, the sorrows, the strivings and achievements of an average woman's life should show. They give the face what I like to call character. The woman who has hit her forties usually invites friendship and confidence, assuming of course that she hasn't let herself become a sourpuss. Even young people who naturally seek young companionship, turn to the older person when in real trouble. Youth knows that in seeking out someone older at such a time it will be sure of a sympathetic hearing and

possibly a solution of the difficulty.

It is nice to feel, at my present age, that I am accepted for what I am and not for the way I look. Lack of beauty, which arouses such yearning in youth, is no longer a problem. And there is such comfort attending older age too, particularly in the matter of clothes. Lest anyone leap to the conclusion that I am advocating wraparounds, rundown heels and general slouchiness, don't get me wrong. There is no age when these things are acceptable. But a mature woman can wear the same dress for five years, and if it is smart, nothing is thought of it. It even gets to be identified with her in a pleasant way.

TO ME, the fellow who first said, "Life begins at you-know-what age" stumbled upon a soul-satisfying truth. For it seems that the things we are always intending to do in our twenties and thirties must be pushed aside during those hectic years when child-raising properly consumes all our time and energy. By the time we enter the forties, some of our children are ready to flee the nest, if they haven't already done so, and the others have left babyhood far enough behind to help themselves. Then is when the first joys of being forty make themselves felt.

For though I do sincerely regret the swift passing of my children's babyhood, infinitely dear and precious as it was, I do not regret the absence of the bone-tiring work which accompanied it. And I do

rejoice for my children that they are on their way towards learning to cope with a world that is not notably affectionate.

So even though home life still keeps me busy, I am finding time for outside interests. Make no mistake about it, my family still comes first, and I thank God every day that I have them and sufficient health to care for them. But there is much work to be done outside, too. The church and the school always need help. There are hospital guilds; institutional homes of all kinds that could use our time and our cheer.

There are the arts — and gardening, which seems to grow on one and reach a peak in the forties.

These are but a few of the things I like about being 45. On the other side of the ledger, about the only black mark I can find against it is the preponderance of ill health which seems to strike then. I don't know if a great amount of this is real or imaginary. Before arousing anyone's ire, let me say *I* have illnesses, too, one of which is quite real and treacherous. But if I have learned one thing, it is the importance of mind over matter. A lot of us with ill health and worrisome problems could benefit tremendously from losing ourselves in helping others.

So I say it's great to be 45. Any wisdom and experience I may possess has been attained the hard way and I am both proud and humbly grateful for them. Trade all this for something less? Not on your life.

THE

MAN

WHO KICKED THE

REDS

OUT OF

GUATEMALA

COLONEL Carlos Castillo Armas, the man who booted the Communists out of Guatemala, is a slight, almost shy, man who looks, talks and acts more like a school teacher than a Latin American revolutionary. There is nothing of the swashbuckler or the "bravo" about him. The only trace of the professional military man is his erect bearing, and the faint note of crispness in his voice as he issues orders to his followers.

But Colonel Castillo is a revolutionary, in the best Latin American tradition. The June revolt, which ousted the apparently firmly entrenched Arbenz regime and sent the Communist leaders scurrying to friendly embassies for shelter, was the fourth revolution in which Castillo participated in his brief twenty-year career as a soldier. Twice he led uprisings against the Communists; twice he took part in revolts against the old, iron-fisted Guatemalan dictators.

While a young captain, only a few years out of the military academy, Castillo joined a group of young officers and civilians (including the then Captain Jacobo Arbenz

By Patrick McMahon

Guzman) that threw out the dictatorial regime of tough, old Jorge Ubico, in a bloodless coup in 1944. They installed General Federico Ponce Vaides as provisional president, and within a few months Ponce himself commenced making noises like a dictator. So Castillo, Arbenz and their fellow revolutionaries staged a second uprising, and after a brief, bloody battle, forced out Ponce.

And just as his first revolution set the stage for the second, so did the second set the stage for the third and the fourth. When Ponce fled the country, a junta was set up, composed of Arbenz, Captain Francisco Arana, and Jorge Toriello. Under the direction of the junta, elections were held, and Juan Jose Arevalo, a professor who had been living in exile in Argentina, was chosen president.

It was Arevalo who moved the Communists into control of the labor unions and key posts in the government. And it was Arevalo who selected Arbenz as his successor. Under the Guatemalan constitution, Arevalo could not run again.



Meanwhile, however, considerable opposition was developing in Guatemala to Arevalo's Communist policies. Openly critical of the government were Colonel Arana, and his friend, the then Lieutenant Colonel Castillo Armas, head of Escuela Politécnica (the country's West Point). Arana emerged as the anti-Communist candidate for the presidency, and his election was freely predicted.

But months before the election, Arana was assassinated. Although his murderers were publicly identified, the government refused to arrest them and bring them to trial. Castillo, then commander of the Fourth Military Zone, resigned his commission in protest. And a few months later he staged his third revolution, in an attempt to overthrow the Arevalo-Arbenz Communist regime.

IN NOVEMBER, 1950, Castillo led a small band of followers, loaded in two trucks, against the garrison at the Aurora Military Air Field. He had been assured that the garrison would surrender without resistance and would join him in a march on the Presidential Palace.

But Castillo was double-crossed. His small force was met by a withering blast of machine-gun fire. Castillo fell, twice wounded in the hip. Twenty of his followers were slain. The rest were captured or fled.

Castillo was mistaken for dead and tossed into a truck with the corpses of his slain comrades. While being shifted from the truck to the

morgue, the "corpse" of Castillo Armas suddenly twitched; the two startled attendants who were carrying him dropped him and fled. He was taken to the hospital operating room by soldiers and his wounds attended.

Castillo was taken directly from the operating table to the police station, tossed stark naked on the concrete floor, and subjected to 48 hours of continuous questioning. Then he was shifted to the penitentiary, from which he escaped six months later by tunneling under the wall and finally made his way to Honduras.

His bitter hatred for the Communists, which had burst into flame at the murder of his friend, Arana, was fed by his memory of his own brutal treatment at the hands of his Red captors. As soon as his health recovered sufficiently, he set about organizing the anti-Communist Guatemalan exiles in Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua and Mexico, and encouraging the formation of underground movements inside Guatemala.

Within a matter of months, he whipped into a working organization groups of wealthy planters, businessmen, army officers, labor leaders, students and intellectuals, all of whom had been torn by factional jealousies and differing political and economic philosophies, and whose only binding force was their opposition to Communism. Before the revolution was staged, he induced all factions to agree on a moderately liberal pro-

gram along democratic lines, which he promised to effect when and if the revolt were successful.

Colonel Castillo, incidentally, learned something of military tactics here in the United States. He attended the War College at Fort Leavenworth in 1946. He speaks English fluently with only a slight trace of Spanish accent.

THE three years of preparation for the June revolution were years filled with bitter disappointments, and disillusionment. Elements on whom he counted heavily for financial support demanded promises of lavish economic concessions if the revolution should be successful — commitments that Castillo curtly refused to give. Petty jealousies and rival ambitions among his followers threatened to rip his organization to shreds. At one time it was estimated that 25 different individuals, inside and outside Guatemala, nourished hopes of becoming the new president if the revolt should win.

Only a man of recognized integrity and great force of character could have held the revolutionary movement together and overcome the various obstacles. And two things that all Americans who know him agree on are that Castillo is a man of the highest integrity and considerable force of character.

His leadership in the revolt also revealed him to be a man of real military ability. His tactics were a complete departure from the tradi-

tional methods of Latin American revolutionaries, who rely on surprise and a sudden coup, with the decision invariably coming within 24 to 48 hours.

But Castillo resisted advice to make the sudden — and bloody — dash for the capital, applied gradually increasing pressure instead, and won through at a minimum loss of life and property destruction.

Castillo's problems, however, are by no means finally resolved. He is faced with the difficult task of helping restore the country's economy, which has been literally gutted by eight years of Communist mismanagement. He must, if he is to avoid unrest, win the support of the workers and the landless peons, among whom the Communists have made serious inroads.

One of the greatest dangers facing the new regime lies in the numerous arms caches hidden throughout the country by the Communist leaders. At the slightest weakening of popular support for the provisional government, it is believed the Communists will arm the workers and illiterate peons and stage a counter-revolution, or possibly a prolonged guerilla campaign.

If the revolution of Castillo Armas that drove the Reds from Guatemala is to achieve lasting success, the new provisional government will need genuine understanding and real support from the nation that neglected Guatemalan problems so long, the United States of America.



"MURA" FURS ARE COMING

By Henry Moetzing

A NEW kind of fur from the "Mura," a formerly non-existing, now patented, animal, has appeared in Germany. It is not yet listed in any textbook on zoology, nor have the learned zoologists ever discovered one on any of their exploration trips. Yet, there are at present about 10,000 of these rodents living in Germany, but only in the suburban region of Dortmund, Westfalia, on the only mura farm in the world.

The "inventor" of this new animal is an experienced fur animal breeder who started about 25 years ago to cross various exotic rodents, his mind set on producing a new and durable fur for the market. It took him 10 years to breed this perfectly new animal, the mura, which not only produced an outstanding quality of fur but which also passed on all good characteristics to its offspring. Today, he has in his breeding cages mink-brown, gray-brown, gold-colored, blue (Arctic fox)-colored and snow-white muras, which produce for their breeder each year 30,000 to 50,000 nice furs for ladies' wear.

The pretty animals are about 10 inches long. It is hard to guess their origin, and it appears as if all of the 3,000 kinds of rodents on this earth had contributed something to the

mura. The animal was named for a Russian princess, a great lover of precious furs.

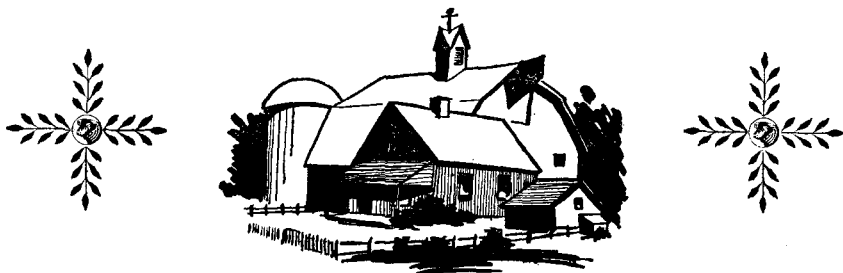
The muras are bred in particular for fur characteristics. For instance, the snow-white muras, even after years of wearing, do not yellow, as is the case with ermine. The furs are durable and warm, also bruise-resistant and water-repellent. It is a nice thick, glossy, short-haired pelt which may prove very profitable and have a big economic future. Mainly, the animals are a crossing of rodents from South America, South Africa and Asia. Muras are fixed to five color strains which are certain to reproduce true to color. This hybrid rodent multiplies faster than a rabbit, looks somewhat like a rat, nibbles its food like a squirrel and purrs like a cat.

For a modern fur coat, 250 to 300 muras must give their young lives. But the price of such a coat is surprisingly low, because muras multiply very fast. A mura female produces four times a year from 8 to 10 young, which in turn, in four months' time are also able to breed, or are ripe for fur. Contrary to other fur bearers, the animal develops well in warm climates. Nor do the seasons affect it. The skins are equally good the whole year through.

THEY GO HOME AGAIN

IN *Kansas*

By
MORTON M. HUNT



MANY chronic and apparently hopeless cases of mental illness can be cured and the patients released from mental hospitals. And this now without costly new buildings and equipment.

These are the conclusions to be drawn from the astonishing results attained recently in the Topeka State Hospital at Topeka, Kansas. In 1948, for every three patients admitted, only one left the hospital cured or improved. By 1953, for every two who entered, one was discharged and one sent home as a convalescent in preparation for discharge. Even more astonishing is the number of patients among those released who had been looked upon for years as hopelessly incurable: in 1949-1950, for instance, 112 of those released had been incarcerated for

an average of nine years — one had been there 40 years.

The significance of this record can best be seen against the national background: for every two patients admitted to civilian state hospitals in the United States last year, only one was discharged as recovered or improved. Half of the 550,000 patients in our state hospitals have been confined for more than eight years.

To achieve this remarkable record Kansas voted in 1949 a \$21,000,000 two-year budget for its mental hospitals and other welfare institutions, and has since increased the amount. But the money has gone into staff and program, instead of new buildings. The program as worked out by the staff makes plentiful use of volunteers. While the increased staff is

able to give many more psychiatric and shock treatments to each individual patient, a large part of the over-all improvement in the patients is due to the large number of therapeutic activities, friendly human contacts, and improved surroundings. Good food, cheerful dining rooms, comfortable furniture, outings, games — all these, served up with plenty of love, are at the heart of the program. "We try to help the patients see," says clinical director Dr. Clark Case, "that they don't have to turn their backs on the whole human race."

Six years ago conditions could hardly have been worse. The state was spending one third less on each of its mental patients than the nation at large. In number of professional employees per hundred patients, Kansas ranked last among all 48 states.

Obsolete, jail-like buildings were in a stinking and dangerous state of disrepair. One superintendent, one psychologist and five doctors — none of them trained psychiatrists — were supposed to diagnose and treat the disordered minds of 1800 patients. Two doctors were disabled by illness. In addition, there were two nurses and 120 attendants to look after the physical needs of the patients. With such a staff, a curative program of any sort was out of the question.

The attendants could handle their many patients only by penal-colony strictness. In each gloomy ward,

ugly old rocking chairs were lined up along the wall. Patients were compelled to sit there rocking their lives away, each one staring at the back of the person in front of him. If they tried to get up, they were ordered back. When a patient disobeyed, attendants, many of them sadists, put him in a strait jacket in solitary confinement or strapped him to a bed. At any one moment at least 100 patients were in "restraint," screaming, tearing at their bonds.

ONLY a mile from this frightful hospital was one of the most advanced centers of psychiatry in the country — the Menninger Foundation, a private hospital, school and research center which has in recent years trained more psychiatrists than any other school in America.

And two miles away was Winter V. A. Hospital which Drs. Karl and Will Menninger helped develop as a model psychiatric center and teaching hospital for the entire Veterans Administration.

The secret shame of Topeka State exploded into view in the summer of 1948, and a lot of people were forced to change their minds. It began when aging Superintendent Dr. M. L. Perry retired. In his place came Dr. Paul Davis, superintendent of another and equally bad Kansas mental hospital. Dr. Davis aimed to please the economy-minded legislature. He banned all

expensive drugs and time-consuming examinations, except when he personally authorized them. "We were reduced to dispensing aspirins," one of his doctors complained bitterly.

Three of the five doctors resigned in disgust. One of the two nurses and the lone psychologist followed suit. Superintendent Davis, one elderly sick doctor, and one alcoholic, drug-addicted doctor were left, along with one harried nurse and 116 frantic attendants, to run a "hospital" for 1800 insane persons.

This incredible scandal broke wide open in Kansas newspapers. A key figure in breaking it was a young psychology student from Kansas University. Harry Levinson had come to Topeka State Hospital to do some testing of patients. Horrified at what he saw, he spent months gathering data and writing a graduate thesis on the hospital. Levinson's roommate, John McCormally, a reporter for the *Emporia Gazette*, wrote a superb ten-part exposé of the mental hospitals which added fuel to the fire.

SUPERINTENDENT Davis was fired. Dr. William Blair, temporarily in charge, threw the doors open to newsmen. The State Mental Hygiene Association held emergency meetings and campaigned for public interest; so did the American Association of University Women and the League of Women Voters.

Mary Palmer, former *Newsweek* reporter, had taken a job as at-

tendant to see what was going on. One sunny October afternoon she and some attendants took 200 patients out on the handsome hospital grounds for a picnic — the first such event in memory and the first time many of these patients had been outside the walls in fourteen years.

Shocked and sympathetic women (and some men) from Topeka called the hospital and offered to help; Mary Palmer formed them into a group called SHARE (State Hospital Aides in Recreation and Entertainment). SHARE brought music students out to play for the patients and coax them into singing. Many wouldn't sing; but some who had sat motionless in their chairs for years looked up and tapped their feet or uttered a few feeble sounds. Joan Skipsey, an English girl then writing for the *Topeka State Journal*, started a Christmas-gift campaign, and hundreds of Topekans brought parcels for patients they had never seen. The women's branch of the Chamber of Commerce put the town Christmas tree not on the main street but right in front of the hospital buildings.

All this was, however, only surface improvement. Governor Frank Carlson turned to Dr. Karl Menninger for help. He asked Dr. Karl to be on a committee, with Dr. Franklin Murphy (then dean of Kansas University Medical School), another leading Kansas doctor, and two legislators, to study the situation and make recommendations.

Dr. Karl sent some of his bright young psychiatry trainees over to Topeka State to help out. He persuaded Winter V. A. psychiatrist Dr. John M. Anderson to turn down a far better job and become clinical director at Topeka State. Then he lent the part-time services of some of the Menninger Foundation's best psychiatrists. The County Medical Society began to send its doctors to treat the accumulated surgical and disease problems that plagued the patients.

The Governor's committee, appointed to study the conditions and make recommendations, reported the need for a big new money appropriation to carry out a major idea in reform—the gathering of a modern staff to treat, not keep, the patients. One of the legislators on the committee, shocked at the condition of the buildings, had begged Dr. Karl to recommend new construction. Dr. Karl said: "Many patients would get well in a barn if you gave them the right doctors and the right treatment. We don't *want* them to live in barns but neither do we want to build new buildings with our money and then have no doctors to make the patients well. The staff and treatment must come first."

Governor Carlson asked for and—with the help of a public campaign—got from the legislature a whopping \$21 million two-year budget for the mental hospitals and other Kansas welfare institutions.

This was a 60 per cent increase over the previous budget and was only the beginning.

APPOINTED chief consultant for the hospital program, Dr. Karl's main problem was to get good people to come to the hospital. Throughout the nation, state mental hospitals were understaffed; jobs were open with no takers. But Dr. Karl had an idea—that psychiatric workers would flock to a top-rank *teaching* hospital. If the staffs at the Menninger Foundation and Winter V. A. Hospital spent part of their time teaching classes for employees at Topeka State, it would become a key training hospital for a dozen professions.

In August, 1949, assisted by Rockefeller Foundation funds, a special school for psychiatric aides (attendants) got under way. Twenty-three students began an intensive one-year course, and a second group began a few months later.

At the same time a fine superintendent and four good psychiatrists took jobs at the hospital. By 1950, there were 23 nurses on duty and the number of aides had nearly doubled. Five more psychiatrists accepted full-time staff jobs and the first small group of young M.D.'s arrived for psychiatric training and duty on the wards. A handful of social workers began the job of re-connecting patients and their families; occupational and recreational therapists were at work. The

old buildings were strong with the odors of fresh paint and plaster. Seventy-five patients got glasses and began to make contact again with the printed word. A beauty shop was set up in a basement and bowl-shaped haircuts vanished.

Volunteer SHARE members and Red Cross workers helped select and sew dresses for women patients. Aged patients who had long been written off as bedridden wrecks proved to be amazingly susceptible to music, games, radio and loving kindness; 66 out of 71 bedridden oldsters in one section of the hospital got out of their beds in one year, and stayed out.

So unmistakable was the public response to the new program that the 1951 legislature passed a still larger appropriation. And in a referendum in 1952, the people of Kansas voted a personal property tax to provide a permanent hospital building fund.

Finally, in 1953, the legislature removed the hospitals from political patronage. A psychiatrist is over-all Director of Institutions; his policies and job-filling are nonpolitical and he gets twice as big a salary as the Governor of the state.

NEW buildings are still in the blueprint state, but treatment and training programs continue to advance. Topeka State Hospital today offers excellent training to no less than 13 kinds of specialists, ranging from psychiatrists through

social workers to chaplains. Five psychiatrists trained at Topeka now work in other Kansas hospitals, and four more trainees will join them this year. There are now three directing psychiatrists, a dozen staff psychiatrists, and 30 M.D.'s in psychiatric training who spend half of their time with the patients. There are six psychologists. In place of one nurse there are 35, plus a dozen girls in nursing training. Over 40 medical consultants handle dental, surgical and similar matters on a part-time basis. Instead of 116 untrained and often brutal attendants, there are 335 well-trained aides.

Today there are 13 social workers and 39 occupational and recreational therapists. At least 100 devoted Topekans also give a few hours each per week as volunteers; they play games with patients, teach them to read or play the piano, and take those who are ready on outings so that they get used to the outside world again.

A well-equipped arts-and-crafts shop provides an outlet for men who may have wanted to hit someone on the head but whose aggressiveness now is skillfully guided into hitting nails on the head. Where once a patient was released without further help, today the social-service staff counsels the family and neighbors, and tries to make the way back as easy as possible.

Social-service workers are also doing a big job freeing the hospital of "seniles" — old people who have

merely failed in their mental powers. By visiting their relatives, and by helping find suitable nursing homes, the staff got 300 elderly non-psychotic patients out of Topeka State Hospital in the last four years. About 400 others, for whom admission to the hospital was sought, have been examined and sent to more suitable sources of help.

ALL THESE activities and specialists cost money. Prior to 1948, Topeka State spent about \$1.30 per day for each of its mental patients; today it spends \$5.24. About one-third of all money which the Kansas legislature appropriates goes for mental health.

What is Kansas getting for this?

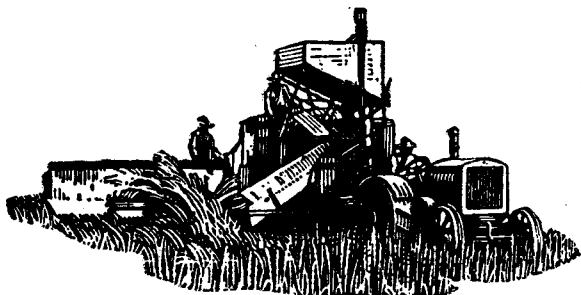
Three out of every four state mental hospitals in the U.S. are overcrowded, while the total number of patients in most of them has grown constantly. But in Topeka State Hospital — because of those released or sent to nursing homes — the number of patients has dropped from 1800 six years ago to 1401 today — fewer than at any time since 1916.

Yet more patients enter the hospital than ever before: 331 were admitted in 1948 and the waiting list stood at around 200; in 1953, 458 were admitted and there was no waiting list.

"About 80 per cent of those who today enter for the first time will get well enough to leave here," says Dr. Menninger, "and I think we are going to push that figure up to 85 per cent."

For every three people who entered in 1948, one was discharged; in 1953, for every two who entered, one was discharged and one was sent home as a convalescent in preparation for discharge. In the rest of the nation, an average of 40 per cent of patients admitted to state mental hospitals are discharged within the first five years and few after that.

Kansans like to say that they are conservative and cautious. But today, in the field of mental health, they are showing the nation the way forward. In their state, mental hospitals are places you go to when you are sick, in order to get well and come home again.



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HEADQUARTERS

★ ★ ★ *of* ★ ★ ★

SUBVERSION

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

WHEN the public sees a long list of the names of celebrities affixed to a Communist-originated petition, manifesto, or press release, it is undoubtedly misled into picturing the offices from which the list came as somewhat commensurate in dignity and prestige with the names of the signers.

In most cases, nothing could be farther from the truth. The soliciting, obtaining, and publishing of the names of sponsors and signers for Communist enterprises is a mail-order business. The Episcopal bishop, the university president, the eminent physician, and the distinguished scientist who sign on the dotted Communist Party line would prob-

ably be shocked to see the squalor in which the document was prepared.

To acquaint the public with the actual physical appearances of the headquarters of Communist subversion in the United States, this article is a personally conducted tour of some of their respective premises.

A stranger who visits the headquarters of a Communist or Communist-front organization is met with varying degrees of suspicion, but usually with a normal degree of courtesy. Cloak-and-dagger tactics are wholly unnecessary. Fictitious names are not required. All that is necessary is to state one's business;

namely, to pick up whatever printed matter the organization has for sale or free distribution. Sometimes, although not as a rule, there is an obvious eagerness to recruit a convert.

But, let us begin our tour of the subversive circuit!

Civil Rights Congress (6 East 17th Street, New York City)

This is a decrepit, five-story, brownstone building. Approaching from Fifth Avenue, you are likely to miss the entrance because the signs and wares of a candy-cigar store and a hardware store next door are spread onto the sidewalk. The doorway is some distance above the sidewalk. The number, 6 E. 17th, is written beside the door in chalk. You walk up twelve stone steps to enter the door. Inside is a small entry-way with five old, non-matching mailboxes, one of which is marked "Civil Rights Congress." There is a dirty cardboard sign pointing upstairs and saying, "Civil Rights Congress, 2nd Floor."

The rickety wooden stairway is the longest a cardiac patient could struggle with — up twenty steps and turn four or five more to come face to face with a rickety door that doesn't fit its frame. It is apparently closed with a padlock at night.

The inside appearance is in keeping with the outside. The main room is about 12 by 12 feet, with partial partitions jutting out from three walls to cut the room into

small areas. A Negro woman about thirty years of age was working at a desk; an elderly man was working at a table stamping mail. While the woman was getting literature, she sent the man to the bank, and also carried on a conversation with a man in an office off the main room, and with another woman in still another office.

A third woman, white, grey-haired, about sixty, came into the room from still another office to bring some publications of the Political Prisoners' Relief Committee of the Civil Rights Congress.

The Negro woman said they were getting out their summer appeal (the leaflet entitled "A Place in the Sun"); and that they do not get out a publication regularly at this time. She was pleasant but seemed rushed.

There were papers, literature, and returned mail spread, without apparent design, about the whole room. Many of the stacks of papers seemed not to have been touched recently. The whole place looked makeshift, inefficient and messy.

National Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell in the Rosenberg Case (1050 Avenue of the Americas, New York City)

This is an old, dirty building between 39th and 40th Streets. It is a three-story building, with a narrow stairway entering between two stores on 6th Avenue. At the foot of the stairway is the directory, which lists

an insurance office, a shirtmaker, and the "Rosenberg Committee."

The Rosenberg Committee office is on the second floor. While the stairways are not rickety, they are terribly dirty, the walls are scratched and gouged, and the office of the Committee is even dirtier and more disreputable looking, if that is possible.

The entire area occupied by the Committee is about 40 by 12 feet. It is divided into three rooms. As you enter from the hall, you are in a large center room; to the left is a smaller room (about 10 by 12 feet); to the right, facing the street is another small room (about 8 by 12 feet).

A visitor could hear the voices of two men and two women from the small front office. A woman was in the large room, as was a man who was at a mailing table wrapping a package. He left soon after, and from what the woman said to him, one gathered that he was a volunteer worker who intended to come in the first of the week to help with mailing.

Everything about the place is dirty, disorganized, unpleasant. The woman in charge, who seemed to be one of the executives, had on a winter coat on a warm summer day. She was unkempt in appearance and seemed generally disorganized.

The furnishings are a conglomeration such as one rarely sees. The desk was so scarred that the top was covered with brown wrapping paper.

The chair was an old kitchen-type wooden one with paint chipped off, revealing a number of colors. There were about six filing cabinets in the large room, all different, all old and battered. There were three or four tables at various places around the room, and some chairs. The only feature they had in common was their dirty, battered appearance. The floor was unbelievably dirty, so dirty, in fact, it was impossible to tell if it was linoleum or wood.

The woman in charge took a good deal of time to gather the literature she wanted to give. For one thing, she continually interrupted herself to converse with the men and women in the front room. For another thing, every time she thought of another piece of literature to give, she would shout at someone to get her such-and-such a leaflet. The person addressed would paw around in this and that package of printed material. Packages of material were lying on the floor, here and there, in the large room and in the smaller room to the rear. No one seemed to know where anything was.

Three more women and a teen-age boy came in. They seemed to be volunteer workers.

THE WOMAN who gave me the literature urged me to help them. First she wanted me to sell "certificates" to raise money for Sobell; or to organize a group who would raise money; or to distribute certificate books to my friends to sell. If not,

couldn't I come in the end of the week or the first of next week to help with a mailing. They work every night to midnight or later.

Here is the gist of the conversation that was carried on in the front office while I was there. All the people talked in loud voices. It seems that a man, Stephen Love, had just been on the telephone with them to tell them he knew of an attorney who would, for \$2000, go over the case (presumably the Sobell case) and see if there was anything that could be done. If he found that nothing could be done, they would be out the \$2000 and he would drop the matter. If he found that something could be done, and he thought there was a 10 to 1 chance of it, there would be a fee of \$3000 to go ahead with it. Then he would charge additional sums for his work from then on. Mr. Love would work with him, but was not interested in a fee. Mr. Love wanted them to send him a wire immediately, expressing their willingness to pay the \$2000 at once and get started.

The person who was relating this tale seemed reluctant to consider the matter because of the fees involved. But the woman who had been talking shouted, "That's the least of my worries; I can raise the \$5000 in New York in five days."

While I was there, United Press telephoned to see if the Committee was still in operation. One of the women shouted, "Tell them we sure as hell are."

Council on African Affairs, Inc. (53 West 125th Street, New York City)

The Council on African Affairs is located in Harlem at 53 West 125th Street, New York City.

Finding the office of the Council is not easy for a stranger. There is no number or name on the small drab doorway to the building. One has to infer that it is number 53 by finding lower and higher street numbers on either side.

The street door opens to a narrow dirty hall, needing paint for many a year. Still, there is no sign of the Council on African Affairs.

There is no elevator. A long sagging rickety stair leads to the second floor where the light is even dimmer. A woman in one of the rooms said the Council office was on the top floor, up several more flights of the old rickety stairs. The last flight was almost totally dark, and the swaying of the staircase would discourage a faint-hearted visitor. Inching my way in the creepy darkness, I finally reached the door of the Council.

In contrast, the office of the Council, one large room, was light from large, relatively unobstructed windows as well as electric lights. The room has a shabby, homey look with rugs on the floor and well-worn pieces of furniture, all on the massive side.

The walls are lined with books and file cabinets and shelves. One corner near the door is treated like a li-

brary, with books nearly to the ceiling and a big table and chairs where a couple of people were reading and making notes. The books included both scholarly and more popular works on the geography, history, sociology, economics, and politics of Africa and to some extent of Negroes throughout the world. From a cursory glance, they seemed to be intelligently arranged and classified.

A good part of the space near the window end of the room was taken up by Dr. W. Alphaeus Hunton's large desk. He is secretary of the Council. Behind his desk were more books. In front of it was another table and a deep, worn leather chair. Books, magazines, and papers were all over the place.

Dr. Hunton is an attractive-looking Negro. He is slender, rather tall, and of medium darkness. His white hair and finely drawn features give him a distinguished and scholarly look. In fact, he looks like a professor and speaks like one also. He was very courteous and helpful, going to some trouble to dig out back issues of the Council's publications. He moves with a kind of gentle efficiency, as though he were conserving his strength for greater things.

While I was there, the telephone rang, and I overheard Dr. Hunton making arrangements about delivering a speech before a small, local branch of the American Labor Party for a fee of \$5 or \$10.

Masses & Mainstream and New Century Publishers (832 Broadway, between 12th and 13th Streets, New York City)

This is a rickety old building, 9 or 10 stories high. There was a cardboard sign hanging on the inner door of the entrance saying "Elevator not running, use freight." The other side of the sign said "Elevator not running, use passenger."

"Freight" was at the other entrance of the building with a haberdasher between. The elevator was a huge, old-fashioned freight elevator without gates on two sides and operated by pulling a cable.

The directory in the lobby lists both *Masses & Mainstream* and New Century Publishers as being on the 9th Floor. Coming off the freight elevator I entered a large storeroom-shipping room extending the length of the building except for a row of small offices across the front of the building, facing on Broadway. A man and a woman sat at desks in the middle of the three offices. There were no people in the office near the freight elevator nor in the office on the other side, presumably near the passenger elevator.

The man took me into the stockroom to look for an issue of *Masses & Mainstream* which he could not find ("the shipping clerk is out to lunch"). I saw a number of packages of *Masses & Mainstream* sitting about, but as I didn't really care if he found the issue I asked for, I looked at the shelves of other publications. There

seemed to be hundreds of titles — pamphlets and books. Many of them I have seen at the Workers Book Store and Jefferson School. The man told me the best place to get their publications was at the Workers Book Store, and explained carefully just how to find it. He said that while he could sell me some, he really didn't know where things were and it would be much better if I got them at the book store.

While the shelves of books and pamphlets were neat, there were stacks of cardboard, papers, twine, etc., here and there. The floor in the whole place is rough boards. Walls are dirty and scratched, in the offices as well as the shipping room. The whole ninth floor is occupied by the three small offices at the front and the large store-shipping room. It is an ugly place in an ugly neighborhood.

**National Council of the Arts,
Sciences and Professions (35 West
64th Street, New York City)**

This is the Woodrow Hotel. There is no indication that the NCASP has offices there, so I asked the man at the hotel desk and he directed me to the rear of the lobby. There were big double doors closed, with no name indicated. I opened one door and the room was dark, but there was a light coming from a room at the side. I spoke, and a woman asked me to come in. She was sitting at a desk in a long narrow room at the side of the room through

which I had entered. Three offices opened off the long narrow room. From what I could see through the open doors, they were all cluttered; packages of printed material were stacked on the floors; desks and chairs were cluttered with papers. The room in which the woman, Mrs. Braymer, sat was the most cluttered of all. There were three desks along the wall, a water cooler, a number of chairs, typewriter stands, small tables, etc. All were covered with papers in what seemed to be complete disorder.

There were two bulletin boards that fairly bristled with papers, handbills, notes, business cards. They were so overlapped that it was not possible to identify and retain in memory any specific ones. There were notes, business cards, announcements, and handbills tacked or taped to the wall at random about the room.

Mrs. Braymer was reluctant to talk about NCASP at first. She didn't get up from her desk until we had talked for a while. From her later conversation, I learned that "some people come in just to try to get information; of course, all our information is available . . ." She was cautious for about ten minutes with me, then became very earnest in telling me about what persecution she and others connected with the organization are subject to. She said they open the office in the afternoon and work through the evening, up until after midnight many times,

in order to use the services of volunteer workers. She said the paid staff consists of herself and two others (*when they get paid and if*). There was no one else in the office with her until I left at 5:30. Just as I was leaving, another woman came in with apparent intent to work. She seemed to be "one of the family."

As Mrs. Braymer was telling me of the persecution, and warning me not to become too interested in the organization unless I was prepared to accept persecution, she finally got up from her desk and turned on a light in the room through which I had entered. It was a large room and had probably been the dining room of the hotel at one time. It was bare except for some tables and a couple of book shelves against the walls. There was a record player and a number of records stacked about. There were some paintings on the walls and she explained they were the work of one of "our people." In a room adjoining this large room, but opposite the offices, was a display of photographs, also by "one of our people."

The tables in the large room had literature on them. None seemed very current except the yellow "Calendar of Events," the leaflet about "Venture," and the "Facts about Blacklist."

Mrs. Braymer spoke of her son having graduated from Ann Arbor. She is about 5' 6", grey-haired, fairly nicely dressed. Her appearance is that of a business woman.

But her conversation belies that somewhat. Though she is evidently in dead earnest about NCASP and her connection with it, she still gives the impression that she is doing the work somewhat for the joy of martyrdom.

Jewish Life (22 East 17th Street, New York City)

This is an old office building, about twelve stories high, which has three entrances. Two are numbers on East 17th Street, the other is 41 Union Square West, as it is at the corner of Union Square West and 17th Street. There are three sets of elevators (two at each entrance) with uniformed attendants.

I would guess that there are hundreds of names listed on the directories — one at each entrance. Although *Jewish Life* is not listed on the directory, the following names are listed as being in Room 601, the office of *Jewish Life*: American Jewish Labor Council, Trade Union Committee for Jewish Unity, National Committee to Combat Anti-Semitism.

Room 1229 lists Sholem Aleichem Folk Institute. Otherwise the tenants seem to be a conglomeration of attorneys, manufacturers' representatives, insurance offices, commercial business offices, public steno, etc.

Actually, the office of *Jewish Life* looks out on Union Square, and by entering the 22 E. 17th door, one then has to walk the full length of the building to get to the office.

There is no identification on the door except the number.

The offices make up an area of about 20 by 30 feet. A narrow foyer runs the length of this area from the entry door, and three small offices open off the foyer. A short, round, dark man was in the office nearest the entrance door when I went in. There was no one else in the office. He got the issue of the magazine that I requested. I saw no other literature except packages of the magazine stacked about the offices and along one wall of the foyer.

The appearance of the offices is in keeping with that of the building in general — old, just missing being dirty, just missing being rickety.

Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee (23 West 26th Street, New York City)

JAFRC is located on the second floor. There is a small self-service elevator and a stairway. The stairway is opposite the entrance door, and you pass a library on the way to the stairway. The library wall facing the hall is of glass. Inside one of the glass sections are shelves holding objects of art — mostly African, I would guess. A card indicated that one group of the wood carvings, etc., were “loaned by Mrs. Paul Robeson.”

As I passed the library, a woman entered it from a room to the rear of the library. Halfway up the stairs is a landing from which you can look onto a court, on one side of

which can be seen the windows of the room (or rooms) to the rear of the library. Shades were drawn almost completely over the windows.

At the top of the stairs, on the second floor, is an open area from which you can enter an office to the left and another to the right. There were two desks opposite the stairway in the open area. Young Negro men of college age sat at each of the desks. One of them indicated the room to the left (facing onto the street) as the office of JAFRC.

The office is about 10 by 10. There were two desk-size work tables, a small table containing the literature given me, and some bookcases. The work tables had a few sheets of mimeographed material criss-crossed and rubber thumbs lying about as if some assembling of mimeographed material had just been completed. I saw none of the finished product.

There is a small room (about 6 by 8) off this office. A woman about forty came out of the small room to speak to me. She was anxious to talk, but reluctant to give me any literature, except the reprint from *The Nation* and the Commager reprint from the *New York Times Magazine* Section. She explained that the reprints were given out as a service to other organizations, but that JAFRC published nothing for distribution. The only literature on the table other than the reprints was the Spanish Refugee Appeal travel folder on Spain, and the yellow folder on Franco and the McCarran

Act, copies of which she did finally give me.

She was neat and pleasant in appearance, but spoke in a noisy, unpleasant way. She spoke at some length about the injustice of the Attorney General's listing of JAFRC as a subversive organization, without even having given them an opportunity of making a showing of their case, and without having notified them of the listing before giving the information to the press. She said they had been trying ever since to have the organization's name taken off the list, at least temporarily, while they proved their innocence. The National Lawyers Guild has been helping them and other organizations which have been listed.

She urged that I get *The Nation*, *New Republic*, and *The Progressive*, and that I write to them for reprints they have issued. She thought I should especially get a copy of *The Progressive's* issue on McCarthy.

**Emergency Civil Liberties
Committee (421 Seventh Avenue,
New York City)**

This is an office building at the corner of 7th Avenue and 34th Street. The entrance is on 34th Street. It is about 15 stories tall. It has two elevators with uniformed attendants.

ECLC is on the 13th Floor (1311-12, according to the directory in the lobby). On the glass part of the door numbered 1311 is printed the name of the organization. No.

1312 is around the corner and enters a small office back of the main office one enters through 1311.

The main office is itself small, and looks small because most of the space is taken up by desk, file cabinet, mimeograph machine, table, book case, literature shelf, and two or three chairs besides the desk chair. I would guess this office to be about 8 by 10; the one to the rear of it is smaller — probably 6 by 10. Both have windows looking onto a court.

The office looks prosperous in that the mimeograph machine looks brand new, there were a half dozen new metal-and-fabric chairs, new bookcase, and new file cabinet (or almost new). Much of the floor area was covered with packages of printed material.

Miss Radaloff (I am guessing at the spelling) was alone in the office. She is young (around 25), pleasant, smartly dressed. She said the thing they are working on especially now is to get the ad about McCarthy (which appeared in the *New York Times*, June 2) in as many publications throughout the country as possible. Their campaign on this matter is to raise money to place more of the ads themselves, as well as to induce people throughout the country to place the ad in their local newspapers.

Later they plan to issue a pamphlet on the National Council of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, with emphasis on action taken at its May 15 meeting.

They are anxious to have volunteer workers, both to raise money and to work in the office.

National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Acts (2 Stone Street, 2nd Floor, New York City)

When I went there at 11:30 A.M., the door was locked; a woman let me in. She was the only one in the office.

The office is one room, fairly large (15 by 20 feet), scantily furnished: one desk, no filing cabinet, a couple of chairs, three or four tables along walls. There was no evidence of work being done, except a dozen or so boxes containing 3 by 5 cards. There were a few pieces of mail on the desk and a copy of *Who's Who*.

She said they had no regular publication because they "just don't have the money to do it." Also, "We would like to get out a brochure — there is so much wonderful material for it — but we haven't the money yet."

They have no paid employees. She was sorry I had just missed Miss Van Horn, who is in on Tuesdays.

People's Artists (124 W. 21st Street, New York City)

This block between Sixth and Seventh Avenues is mostly commercial. There are a few old dwellings remaining, all badly run down. No. 124 is such a building, but it has had a new front applied, not recently, and concrete stairs. The entrance is down five or six steps, and there are

three floors above. A sign saying "Loft for Rent" dangles by one corner from a wire above and to one side of the entrance.

There are eight tenants, listed on mailboxes in the entrance. They seem all to be of a commercial nature. People's Artists is two flights up, No. 311. The stairs and hallway and landings are terribly dirty. The name, People's Artists, is on a piece of cardboard on their door.

The room inside is large — about 20 by 30 — and is bare except for a row of chairs all around the walls and three modern paintings on the wall near the door. Draperies hang across the windows on the front facing the street. At the rear are two small rooms. There were two people playing records and cleaning the place when I went in. One was a man about 30 and the other a woman probably younger. The place is old and rickety. There was a very large carton of trash near the door — paper cups, plates, crepe paper, etc.

The only literature in sight was a bulletin board displaying what appeared to be every issue of "Sing Out," and about a half dozen records. This was at the entrance to the small rooms at the rear. One of the rooms was furnished for serving refreshments; the other was an office.

Jefferson School of Social Science (576 Avenue of the Americas, New York City)

This is an old building on the corner of Avenue of the Americas

and 16th Street in New York City. The windows on the street floor are painted or "blacked-out" in some manner, except a portion of one window which is used to display books which are for sale inside. The name, Jefferson School of Social Science, is displayed prominently at the entrance.

The hallway inside is bare looking except for some bulletin boards displaying leaflets, book jackets, etc., and a literature rack. The materials in the rack were duplicated on *each* of the bulletin boards, which were hung side by side on the wall (I think there were four of them). The emphasis on a day in May of this year seemed to be on the "Salute to Paul Robeson" meeting.

There seemed to be no elevator; a wooden stairway led upstairs from the lobby.

Off the lobby is the book shop and the "reception" room where enrollment in the classes seems to take place. Observed from the outside, it, too, was bare looking except for a couple of desks and chairs behind a high counter. There were a few racks of the current issue of their catalog on the counter.

There were some people in the room who seemed to be having semi-social conversation. They were noisy and paid no attention to me. After a little while a smallish, grey-haired man came out of the room and as he passed me, said any of "us" (indicating himself and the others in the room) will be glad to help you if

you have any questions. Then a young man, about 25 to 30 years old, tall, blondish, and a well-dressed woman (a customer for books) came out of the room and went into the book shop. The man had to unlock the door, as it had been closed until that time.

In the book shop, all the tables and shelves are plainly marked as to category of literature. While I did not read every title, I did not see a single book or pamphlet that was not, obviously, Communist. They had the *Daily Worker*; *For a Lasting Peace*; *For a Peoples' Democracy*; publications of the Council on African Affairs; publications of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade and so forth.

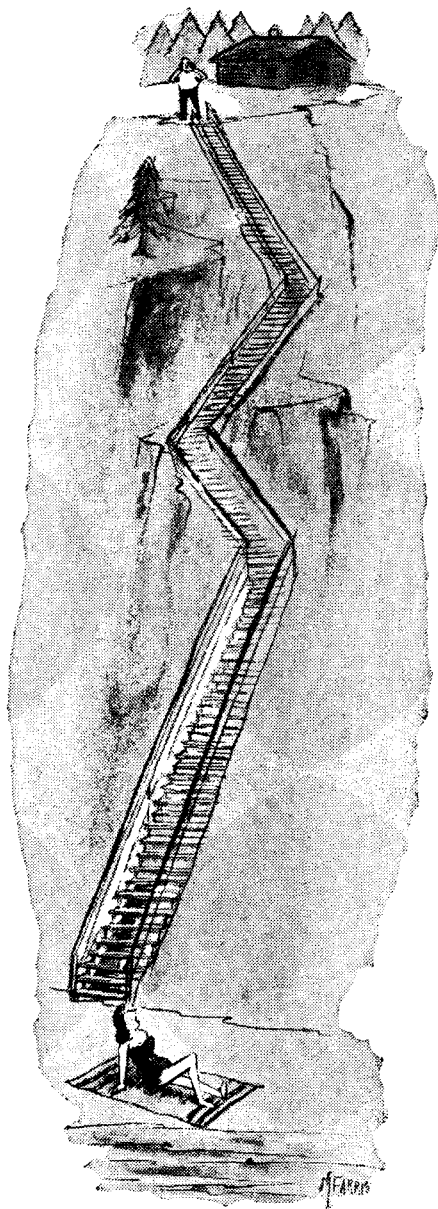
They were obviously anxious to close the book shop as soon as the customer had completed her purchases, saying that the school would be closed that night because of the Robeson meeting.

THE foregoing headquarters are a few among many. In varying degrees of shabbiness, disorder, dirt, and unattractive personnel, a visitor will find the following headquarters of subversion:

American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born, 23 West 26th Street.

Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, 23 West 26th Street.

Citizens Emergency Defense Conference, 80 East 11th Street.



"Telephone!"

Science & Society, 30 East 20th Street.

Workers Book Shop, 50 East 13th Street.

Farm Research, 39 Cortlandt Street.

Allied Labor News, 401 Broadway.

National Committee to Win Amnesty for the Smith Act Victims, 667 Madison Avenue.

National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, 114 East 32nd Street.

Labor Youth League, 799 Broadway.

Labor Research Association, 80 East 11th Street.

New World Review, 23 West 26th Street.

Daily Worker, 35 East 12th Street.

Armenian Progressive League of America, 40 East 12th Street.

International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue.

Communist Party, 268 Seventh Avenue.

Bookfair, 113 West 49th Street.

the hunzas . . .

Healthiest People in the World

BY ALBERT ABARBANEL

THEY don't eat steak, yet they are strong and athletic. Their climate is intensely cold during half of the year, yet it is not unusual to see men, barefooted and naked to the waist, walking through snow drifts. Who are these people? Where do they live?

They are Hunzukuts or Hunzas, whose homeland is a narrow valley surrounded by mountain ranges of 20,000 feet in the northernmost section of India.

Called by health experts the healthiest race in the world, the Hunzukuts claim descent from three warriors of Alexander the Great. The average Hunzukut is tall, of magnificent physique, and he can travel 100 miles on foot without resting. He outlasts and outclimbs the European experts whose mountaineering expeditions he guides. Fair-skinned, in contrast to the darker-skinned natives of most of India, he is unusually charming, with an alert intelligence. As carpenters and metal workers, the Hunzukuts rate with

any artisans in the world. Their engineering feats with primitive tools, in road and bridge building, command the respect of Western engineers.

According to European doctors who have lived among them, no Hunzukut has ever suffered from indigestion, constipation, ulcers, cancer, or any venereal disease. There is no case of heart disease on record, nor has a tonsillectomy ever been performed. In fact, there is no word for tonsil in the Hunza language, nor, by the way, for most diseases of our own civilization.

The strength and good health of the Hunzukuts has been attributed primarily to their diet. Their country is small, surrounded by towering granite peaks and deep gorges. Crops are grown on the terraced mountain sides in small strips of earth held in place by beautiful rock walls.

Chemical fertilizers and earth builders are unknown in this remote country. But every scrap of waste material is saved on a compost heap and returned to the



land. Leaves, animal and human wastes, the roots of harvested plants — all these and anything else which is not edible or wearable — are saved and allowed to age and then returned to the soil.

Apricots play an important part in the Hunzukur diet, for the apricot tree is one of the few which will grow in the mountain gorges. Goat meat is a rare treat. Yet the grains and vegetables which the Hunzukur grows in his naturally enriched land are so rich in vitamins and minerals that he does not feel the protein hunger which causes low energy and sickness among many people who live mainly on a vegetable diet.

One of the delicacies of the Hunza diet not liable to attract a wide public in other countries is *maltash*, a form of butter made from goat milk. When about two pounds of it has been made, it is wrapped in birch bark and placed in a protected place under water or in a hole in the ground. As it ages it becomes stronger in both flavor and odor and the "higher" it is the more the Hunzukur likes it.

According to one explorer, E. F. Knight, *maltash* ". . . was of the consistency of cheese, had a most unpleasant odor, and according to our ideas, it did not improve the flavor of food that was cooked with it. The older this so-called clarified butter is, the more it is to the taste of these highlanders. They bury it in holes in the ground, and it is often

kept there for generations before it is used, one hundred years being quite an ordinary age for Hunza ghee (maltash). These people like their butter to be stale."

FOR HUNDREDS of years the Hunzukurts were savage bandits who waylaid caravans in the mountain passes of northern India, killing their victims wantonly. Their leaders were savage and treated even their own subjects with cruelty.

Travelers to this strange land, knowing the great charm and friendliness of contemporary Hunzukurts, have advanced the theory that their mode of life was not of their choice in the past. But not only the Hunzukurts were robbers and freebooters in that part of the world. In those jolly, bygone days there was no law at all in that wild country and those who ventured there did so at their own risk.

But to today's traveler who has braved the snow-clad mountain passes to reach this serene and happy land, it is inconceivable that the vigorous, contented people he meets have ever lived in any other way.

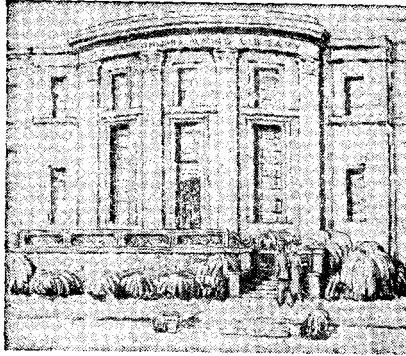
By Western standards the Hunzukurts' life is a poor one. They have no cars, no radios or television, no refrigerators, no washing machines. They do not even have dogs for pets, since food is so scarce.

Yet through their expert use of the natural elements of their country they are healthier and happier than any other race in the world.

BROWNING in TEXAS

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

WE STOOD BY the grave of Robert Browning in Westminster Abbey. Separated by burial from his beloved Elizabeth, Browning was not alone in death. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, sleeps beside him.



Others close by are Chaucer, Spencer, Macaulay, Gray, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Dr. Johnson and Kipling. Over Milton's tomb, a serpent with an apple entwined around a lyre suggests *Paradise Lost*. A bust of Longfellow smiled upon the floor graves.

We asked an attendant: "Where in London is the best collection of Browningiana?"

"Some, sir, in the British Museum; some in Browning Settlement; but the best in the world, sir, is in your own country."

"In the United States?"

"Yes, sir, in some place called Texas."

The "place called Texas" is Bay-

lor University, in Waco, on the banks of the Brazos River.

Baylor is a big name wherever football is played, talked, or written about, but few save Browning lovers the world over know Baylor for its

Armstrong-Browning Library. In this \$2,000,000 building is enshrined the world's greatest collection honoring the English poet and his wife. It is strange, indeed, that a British poet should be memorialized in a freshwater college half a continent and an ocean removed from his native land. Texans' boast of everything that is the biggest; Texans' fabulous stories of the lost silver mines of the Conquistadores, of gushers of black gold, of high-booted, gun-toting punchers and Rangers are always to be anticipated, and realized. But a two-million-dollar shrine for a priceless collection honoring an Old World poet is positively incongruous.

The poet who loved his England and reveled in the arts of Italy, the man Browning, who sang of the dew-drenched hedgerows of England and of "a castle, precipice-encurled in a gash of the wind-grieved Apennines," probably never even gave a thought to Texas, and certainly never knew of the mountains, nor the broad expanse of Texas prairie. And behind this is the story of Dr. A. Joseph Armstrong, former head of the English Department of Baylor, who spent more than forty years studying and collecting the first editions, letters, portraits and belongings of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. At his death last March, he had long since been recognized as the world's most outstanding authority on Browningiana. Not long before his death he said: "To me, the key word is Browning. I'm an in-law of Browning."

DR. ARMSTRONG was a native of Louisville, Kentucky. Very early in life he became fascinated by the poetry and the philosophy of Robert Browning — and began to collect. In this early teaching career, he became professor of English at Baylor, then a small Baptist college, and offered one of the first Browning courses in this country. By 1918, he had a sizeable Browning collection, which he gave to Baylor. This initial gesture, according to Lois Smith Douglas, his devoted pupil and biographer, "became the impetus for thousands of

others, fired with the teacher's zeal, to give time, money, books and valuable Browningiana to the rapidly growing collection."

Dr. Armstrong was a poet at heart. But he was blessed with business acumen and financial wizardry. Faced with lack of money to expand the collection, he arranged platform appearances for world celebrities not only for Baylor, but for bookings all over Texas — and collected an agent's fee which he used to buy more Browning items. Browning material in any part of the world became a challenge to him. To seek it out, find it, buy it, he founded a travel agency, enticing Browning lovers to follow him in the Browning trek. He made some thirty such treks to Europe, Africa and South America. Profits found their way into the Browning fund.

So it was that by 1945, the Browning Collection had outgrown its quarters in the Baylor Library, already becoming the mecca of Browning lovers. Scholars from all over the world, some of whom cannot pronounce *Waco*, were demanding, after visiting the Collection, that a shrine be built to house the Collection. In 1942, Baylor University pledged the sum of \$100,000 toward such a shrine — if Dr. Armstrong could raise a matching sum. He did. And like all big things in Texas, it grew and grew and grew and grew. The exquisite building, with its beautiful stained-glass windows, soft-grey Texas granite and

handsomely carved mahogany furnishings, all illustrative of Browning motifs, was dedicated December 3, 1951.

THERE are many treasures to be found in the Armstrong-Browning Library, but to give the reader some idea of them, here is a list of a few of the more famous ones:

Verde Antique pedestal with glass case containing the bronze *Clasped Hands* of Robert and Elizabeth, by the American sculptor-friend of the poets, Harriet Hosmer.

Original bust of 8-year-old Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning ("Pen"), son of the poets, by Alexander Munro.

Personal desk of Robert Browning, used by him in his Warwick Crescent Study, also in his De Vere Gardens Study, London.

Two portraits of Browning: a famous one by Page, the second by his own son.

A Florentine chair, property of Browning during his residence at Casa Guidi, Florence.

Six original portraits of Browning, and an original pencil sketch.

Books, manuscripts, letters.

The Bates Huddersfield Clock, which marked the passing time for three generations of the Brownings, and still functions for the generations since Browning's death.

Love letters, pressed flowers in books, little gift trinkets, revealing one of the world's greatest love stories.

It was Lois Smith Douglas who said: "When Dr. Armstrong died recently at the age of eighty-one, he felt that his work had not been finished. It never will be, because it will be carried on, and on. Westminster Abbey buried the poet's body, but Baylor University has transplanted his soul."



Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behoving and unbehoving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past —
Oh, never call it loving!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

DOINGS *of a* DEMOCRACY

By HAROLD HELFER

- ✓ Begging off from jury duty, a Denver housewife sent a letter to the jury commission listing these reasons: "Three children — 12, 6 and 1. Dirty diapers, dirty dishes, dirty clothing, dirty faces. School, ironing, cleaning, cooking, washing, and also consulting the best book on psychology to know more about why they behave like demons." She was excused for at least another year.
- ✓ A Los Angeles man sought an annulment of his marriage on the grounds that she refused to quit the Waves.
- ✓ After deputy tax assessors had been bitten some twenty times by dogs, Tax Collector Joseph Prudot of El Paso ordered his men to arm themselves with water pistols and ammonia.
- ✓ Detective Joe Holindrake retired from the Denver force leaving behind an uncollected claim of five cents against the city to replace a shoelace. Mr. Holindrake explained that he'd used the lace while assisting in the birth of a baby before the ambulance arrived. But his expense voucher for five cents to buy new laces was turned down on the grounds that he "only used one lace."
- ✓ The Atlanta City Council legalized teen-age night-time parking in city parks after Councilman John A. White declared: "Why, I'd be out there myself if I were a single man."
- ✓ This ad appeared in the Carson City, Nevada, newspaper during a city election: "If you want my vote, find a home for my mother cat and four kittens. Dorothy Hersey."
- ✓ Whether Democrats or Republicans, citizens of Dallas who want to contact their political party's state chairman can do so by calling the same phone number. Republican Chairman A. H. Lane and Democratic Chairman Wallace Savage share the same office. They're law partners.

WALTER LIPPMANN ON THE DESCENDENT

By Harold Lord Varney

THOSE of us who have long sat under the spell of Walter Lippmann's pellucid English derive a melancholy effect of let-down and disenchantment from his recent writings.

The old master has descended from his columnar Sinai to lead the wolf-pack against Joe McCarthy. With an unrestraint which we did not expect from a Lippmann, he has become an anti-anti-Communist. He has become a credulous purveyor of the half-truth and the smear.

Now admittedly, there is room for honest difference of opinion among Americans of good will about Senator McCarthy. But this is something quite different from the deliberate misrepresentation of the McCarthy issue.

What is inexcusable about a man of Lippmann's stature is that his

anti-McCarthyism is contrived. This virtuoso of the political phrase is descending to billingsgate, as in his March 24th opus where he accused the Senator of "filling our air with poison and stink." If Lippmann is to join the anti-Joe fire brigade, he should at least bring to it a quality of attack on a level higher than that of a Max Lerner or a Barry Gray.

Consider his preposterous column of May 16th.

Here, he sober-facedly asserted that McCarthy must be stopped because a "fundamental" Constitutional principle is involved in the fight against him. What Constitutional principle? As Mr. Lippmann's own liberal coterie loudly asserted in 1924 (when the target was Secretary Fall and Attorney General Daugherty), or again in 1933 (when the target was J. P. Morgan and the

New York Stock Exchange), no authority in our Government is more incontestible than the authority of a Congressional committee to probe, with all the information sources at its command, alleged wrong-doing in the executive departments. It was Lippmann's friend, Felix Frankfurter, who enunciated this doctrine in the Twenties. But now, because it is McCarthy who is in the accuser's seat, and some of the "best people" who are in the dock, Lippmann conveniently changes sides.

Of course, in lugging in the Constitution, the columnist is resorting to a typical Lippmann trick of argument. He is taking a basically trivial prestige contest between two political groups, and he is solemnizing his own side by charging the opponent with jeopardizing not only his political rivals, but the whole Constitution of the United States.

It is doubtful if the great pundit fools anyone but himself with this balderdash.

However, to those who have followed Lippmann's latter-day writings, it is not surprising that he has gotten off-base on the McCarthy issue. Lippmann has been off-base for over a decade in his agonized attempts to call the turns on American policy toward Russia. No Communist himself (although he was once gullible enough to have an alleged member of the Washington Communist spy ring as his confiden-

tial secretary), his writings have dangerously confused American public thinking and attitudes vis à vis Russia.

LET US look at a few of the more flagrant Lippmann lapses.

Concededly, any journalist who must produce three columns a week while the news is still jelling will make his quota of mistakes. Lippmann's mistakes, however, have been most prolific in his long-range "think" pieces where he has attempted to summarize broad policy trends.

There was his pretentious series of eight columns on the Cold War which he dashed off in the late months of 1947. Here he propounded his favorite thesis that the goal of all American policy should be to get the Russian and the Free Nation occupation armies out of Germany and Austria — an idea which has become almost a King Charles' head to the columnist. The proposal, of course, is juvenile. Were we to negotiate such a foolhardy arrangement, Russia would simply withdraw her huge armies across the Polish frontier where they would remain posed for a re-entry "to put down disorder" as soon as we were gone.

Another ghastly idea which was unveiled in the Cold War series was that we must base our world policy upon "Atlantic allies," and thus surrender the extremely strategic balance-of-power role, which is within

our grasp, to India or to the British Commonwealth. Unfortunately, in the same piece, Lippmann refuted the idea of allies by admitting that "a weak ally is not an asset. It is a liability. It requires a diversion of power, money and prestige to support it and maintain it." But having grasped this seminal fact, Lippmann then proceeded to name as our suggested allies a list of tottering nations, every one of which has been on our bounty since V-E Day.

His most serious writings are full of such contradictions.

It is in his Far East homilies that Lippmann has perpetrated his most fearsome bumbles.

He backed all of the wrongs of American State Department policy on China with a passion for error almost as unfailing as that of Dean Acheson. Thus he praised Teheran, where the pledges which had been given to Chiang Kai-shek at Cairo the previous week were cynically and secretly rescinded at the request of Stalin.

"We should be forever grateful to the men [Roosevelt and Churchill] who had the insight, the imagination and the resolution to make the fundamental decisions," he wrote admiringly at the time.

LIPPMANN defended Yalta in his column of February 15, 1945, and gave the Achesonites the stock argument which they were to use wearisomely in the subsequent controversy. This was the argument

that we actually won something at Yalta: that Stalin would have seized more with his armies if we had not bound him by the Yalta pledges.

He backed the disastrous Marshall Mission in China, which foreclosed Chiang's last chance of victory over the Communists.

"The line of the Marshall policy in China is to disentangle the United States, to reduce, not to extend, our commitments in Asia, to give up the attempt to control events which we do not have the power, the influence, the means and the knowledge to control."

This defeatist plea was dropped by Lippmann at a time when Chiang had military superiority over Mao Tse-tung; when the Communists, still in the guerrilla stage, did not control a single important Chinese city below Harbin; when our own armies were still patrolling the Peiping-Mukden railway; and when a little push by the United States would have halted Communist hopes of taking China, and thus prevented all the later tragic happenings.

But even after China fell, Lippmann was still blind to the fact of American responsibility for the catastrophe. He championed the infamous Jessup White Paper in his column of September 6, 1949, and subscribed heartily to its mealy-mouthed argument that Chiang, not the State Department, was responsible for the final disaster.

With China gone down the drain, Lippmann backstopped Acheson in

his renunciation of Korea. Before Acheson's costly speech of January 10, 1950, in which he left Korea outside the perimeter which America would defend, Lippmann was plugging the same idea. Whether Acheson or Lippmann was the father will remain a moot question.

After Great Britain recognized Red China, Lippmann cautiously inched toward the same position by criticizing (January 2, 1950) an American policy which did not "co-operate with anybody else's policy."

"We have to follow, not lead, the countries which are immediately and directly concerned, if and when they decide that their interests, which are far greater than our own, will best be served by negotiation," he wrote.

In other words, the United States should follow the British appeasement line in the Far East.

When the Korea War broke out, Lippmann promptly echoed the British demand that MacArthur must stop at the 38th Parallel. The columnist took a dim view of MacArthur throughout the war, as did Downing Street, and he approved Truman's recall of the great general in 1951.

AS MAY be expected, Lippmann has consistently wobbled on the issue of keeping Red China out of the UN. When Secretary Dulles gave his pledge in March, 1954, that the United States would not yield on the UN seating issue, Lippmann sneered, "Booby trap."

In over-all strategy against Russia, Lippmann has been bafflingly ambiguous. He disapproved heartily of George Kennan's containment policy, and devoted most of his 1947 Cold War treatise to a brilliant dissection of its fallacies.

But when, during the 1952 campaign, General Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles came out for liberation as an alternative, the columnist was equally skeptical. Mr. Lippmann just couldn't see the enslaved Iron Curtain peoples challenging the weapons of the police state.

The nearest that he has come to a definition of his own position was stated in his column of September 9, 1952. "In a word — Titoism," he wrote. The proposal is unpleasantly reminiscent of Owen Lattimore.

Such a rapid run-down of Lippmann's writings, produced in the heat of the decade's major events, shows remorselessly his failure in the "mentor" role in American politics.

At first glance, as one reads the flawless Lippmann prose, he is amazed at the apparent lucidity and the finality with which the writer lights his observations. But when one reads his Lippmann again, with a critical intelligence, he finds himself bogged down in a sticky marsh of verbal non sequiturs.

At sixty-five, Walter Lippmann is a tragic journalistic figure. His great days are behind him. His present is a diminuendo of once superlative powers.



Michelangelo of Meerschaum

BY ELEANOR ELLIOTT ULLMANN

IF WE had known the Turkish surname of Osman Bey, it would have simplified our dilemma and saved us much sleuthing. We were seeking the workshop of the mastercraftsman of meerschaum in the narrow streets of Eskisehir (Es ki sha heer). Without Remzi, our Turkish escort, we would have been up against a blank wall instead of at a rose garden gate.

It was May. The simple rose garden of Mr. Osman Denizkopugu (no wonder we had been floundering) was a liaison between his workshop and his home. As he worked, he had only to peer over the metal rim of his midget spectacles and across the rose beds to keep his eye on his good wife at her domestic rounds.

This suety little Turkish gentleman, looking more like a gnome than a mastercraftsman, was sunk into a large overstuffed chair behind his desk. He did not rise to greet us, but with shy courtesy lifted himself by his arms slightly out of his chair and then dropped

back into the sanctuary of his cavernous cushion. His legs were tucked beneath his rotund body. There were no doffed sandals beneath his desk. His bulk above the waist proved the lack of ambulation. It was obvious that this genius had no feet.

Various finished and unfinished meerschaum pipes lay on Osman's desk. Smooth bowls with creamy white surfaces stirred one's desire to feel their texture. Bowls delicately carved with scrolls or rosebuds; oversized bowls representing heavily turbaned heads of the Turkish male.

Osman picked up an unfinished piece, a woman's head with a fine profile. With his legs buried under his corpulent body, he made his knee serve as his workbench. Placing a handkerchief on the projecting knee, he rested the sculptured miniature on the cloth as he arched a fine brow of his Turkish Venus, accentuated her nostrils, her eyelashes, her delicate lips. A penknife and a metal stylus were the hammer and chisel of this Michelangelo of meerschaum.

Like flat-sided ostrich eggs, a fresh supply of meerschaum blocks were heaped in a basket beside him. Here in Antolia, Asia Minor, only about twenty miles from the town of Eskisehir, are to be found the finest beds of this chalky white mineral called sepolite.

A thousand years ago sepolite had many uses, but today it has been reduced to mean but one thing — the meerschaum pipe, ultimate attainment in equipment of the pipe smoker. It may soon be extinct, for out of the original 20,000 pits, all but 150 of them have been exhausted and these produce a maximum of only 150 tons a year. This soft white mineral puts one in mind of chunks of talcum. Soft when first mined, it is easily cleaned and scraped for use in Eskisehir or else it is shipped to pipe makers in Vienna, Paris or London.

Osman Bey put the final touch of make-up to his meerschaum Venus, picked up a chunk of rough sepolite for another pipe bowl and quietly launched into a new pen-knife sculpture of a heavy-eyed Turk with flowing mustachio!

He used no models. But in front of him on the floor of his bare workshop three handsome Turkish youths sat cross-legged like worshippers before the bulk of Buddha. Before them, like incense, a pan of colorless viscous liquid was heating on a tiny portable stove. Absence of any odor gave no clue, and seeing our curiosity Osman picked up a pencil stub

and sketched a bee in flight. Bee's wax, of course! The freshly carved bowls were dipped into hot beeswax in order to coat them and provide a lustrous, hardened surface.

The three young aspirants to the meerschaum throne polished the wax-infiltrated bowls with soft rags, stopping at intervals to blow their warm breath upon them as though they were breathing the very essence of life into them.

ADJOINING the artist's workshop, a second small room was equipped with electric lathes, drills and buffers to fashion the amber pipe stems to complete the pipes.

A meerschaum cigarette holder, delicately carved with rosebuds (obviously suited to a female smoker), he presented to his guests without words but with great charm.

We thanked our Turkish host for his indulgent hospitality and returned by way of the rose court to the garden gate whence we had entered. For a final farewell to this courageous little mastercraftsman of meerschaum, Osman Bey Denizkopugu, we turned to look back. Like Lot's wife, we became rigid. Bounding from the doorway like a rubber ball and trotting down the garden path came Osman waving his handkerchief.

Again he shook our hands — so vehemently that he shattered our state of trance and shocked us into sensibility. Hells Bells! He *did* have feet.

Tonsorially Speaking

By Thomas M. Jacobsen

NO MATTER where he goes, a gentleman invariably must have his hair cut. At other times he may require shaving. To the uninitiated going abroad, a visit to the barber shop can be a memorable occasion.

In India one might go to the sidewalk barber, of which there are a dozen or more to every city block, if he can alternately squat on his haunches and sit cross-legged "Injun style." The shave here is dirt cheap and during the early morning hours the main streets are more cluttered than usual with innumerable twosomes sitting face-to-face, a box of minutest dimensions containing the barber's every supply.

An American or European in India, however, usually does not "go native"; he has a native barber come to his office or home at a stipulated hour. In this case, the customer supplies his own comb, tonic, towels, soap and whatever else is necessary for the operation.

While living in Calcutta, I usually preferred to go to one of the two "Western" barber shops there. For thirty-five cents I received overwhelming attention from the old Italian barber who had been there many years. After forty-five min-

utes of somnolent haircutting he executed an invigorating vibrator scalp treatment and a bone-crushing shoulder and back rubdown that left me temporarily weakened. Occasionally I would be sparked into full awakening when a black pack rat would scamper past my feet.

The Londoner never goes to a barber shop. Rather, he keeps an appointment at his "gentlemen's hair dressing salon" with the barber of his own choice. Besides being pleasantly conversant, as are our own American barbers once a customer becomes regular, the London barber comes to be quite as helpful and dependable as a gentleman's valet in that he can conveniently prescribe, if not also supply, the right ointment for the odd rash or irritation that has had the audacity to pop up in an embarrassing spot. In this way one can avoid arousing curiosity and suspicion in the neighborhood chemist's shop.

Shaves still cost but fifteen cents! During my stay in England I revelled in luxuriating shaves at this rock-bottom price. With a proper tip, the cost is the equivalent of twenty cents, still only a fraction of



the charge at home. By any standard it is a reasonable price to pay for dispensing with a loathsome burden saddled upon the male of the species by the demands of modern civilization.

German barber shops resemble American beauty shops because each tonsorial artist usually has his chair boothed off much like the operators in our coiffure parlors. Too, one is as likely to draw a female barber as a male one. The unaccustomed will come out from the shop here and in Scandinavia with sideburns finished at a diagonal which slants towards the ears unless he specifies "straight-edged" ones!

FIRST time I was barbered in Italy was near the galleria in Napoli. At that time I spoke marvelously little Italian and the barber spoke little English. I thought I had put the idea across to him that I wished only a haircut and shampoo, but apparently I had been overindulgent with my gesturing. After the wash he resumed barbering and I slumbered away under the spell of his soothing Neopolitan humming. I was aroused by the peculiar sensation that the skin over my skull was contracting. After finger-waving my mop of hair and tying a net over it, he was focusing an electric dryer on me!

Pacific war GI's became familiar with the island version of a barber shop: under a sheltering, young, low palm or beneath a tremendous ba-

nana leaf, one sits on a packing box or crate as the bronzed artisan silently works on and on. Scissors and clippers, if the latter are even used, are seldom kept well oiled. Every pinch is felt magnificently. Thinning and shaving around the neck-line is unheard of. For the value of ten cents, how much can one demand!

The familiar shoeshine stand of an American barber shop is next to impossible to find abroad. In northern and western Europe one *may* find such a shop that caters solely to this service; otherwise such a stand is sometimes found in a railway depot. More often this task is done right in the home as a household ritual each Saturday morning. In the Mediterranean and Eastern countries, hordes of small boys, or sometimes an old man, roam the streets in search of trade — particularly the American tourist or GI. Among the small boys, it's usually the one who drives the best bargain or has the saddest face who makes the sale.

Manicuring the male seems more widespread abroad than in America. But like many American men, I don't "go" for a manicure.

So, each time I return from abroad, first thing I do after debarkation is head for the barber shop and "shoot the works," everything from haircut to facial to shoeshine. For six or seven dollars, I get a wonderful psychological uplift from top to toe. In a sense, it is my rehabilitation.

By Irene Corbally Kuhn

P A R I S

EVERYONE who has ever been in Paris has fallen under its spell and has written about it. It may be only a postcard or a letter home; it may be an opera, a song, a book, a poem. In its historical Carnavalet Museum alone, there are more than 400,000 books which have been written about Paris. For this is a city, 2,000 years old, with a story that is ever new, a charm that is imperishable, a spirit that is indomitable, a lure that is irresistible.

French men love Paris with Gallic fervor and passion; women yield to its fascinations with joyous abandon. It is all things to all men of whatever country or calling, a city foreigners love almost as well as their own native places. It has inspired musicians and painters, sculptors and writers — and where does one begin to tell the story of a city with as many moods as a woman?

How does one select choice bits from such a treasure house of culture and taste, whose people have their own particular brand of exuberance

and ironic gaiety; who are volatile, emotional, sentimental and shrewd; thrifty and mercenary with money and goods; generous and even extravagant with beauty and feeling; logical and practical and rigidly moral by the double standard; people who can be delicate and fine and also coarse and robustly vulgar? The French are proud and sensitive, too; and they have built a peculiarly individual and magnificent culture that could only be French.

Paris was always the most important stopping place on the "Grand Tour" that the well-to-do Briton and Continental sent his sons on as part of their education. The Americans adopted this custom as we began to be strongly aware of ourselves and our place in the world from the middle of the 19th century and even earlier. Now everybody goes to Paris, in de luxe ocean liners, in student caravans, by car and bus and on bicycle and foot from the ports and the provinces, in planes that fly in the stratosphere and span in hours the distance that used to be measured in weeks and days.

There's a cocktail at the beginning of that pleasant take-off from New York's International Airport, champagne over Newfoundland, and breakfast in Paris.

From the air the eye sees and the heart leaps. Below is the grand design of the city, marked by broad avenues and easily recognized monuments and memory markers, the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe, the vast square of the Place de la Concorde, once the "New Place," where the knife of the guillotine fell and Marie Antoinette's head rolled. Round the Egyptian obelisk from Luxor one generation of French and Americans celebrated the November Armistice that ended World War I in 1918; and another generation of French and Americans celebrated the day of liberation from Nazi tyranny, V-E Day, in May, 1945.

AND BY the Place is the Seine, winding and turning in fluid curves and bends, flowing like molten silver under its many bridges. No river seems to love a city in just the way the Seine loves Paris. River and city seem inseparable, like the young lovers walking hand in hand along the *quais*. For nine miles the Seine wends its way through the different *faubourgs* and *quartiers*. The Seine is Paris and Paris is the Seine; one is conscious of the river everywhere, of the life along its banks and on its bridges and barges; the happiness it gives to the fishermen who

cast their lines into it from so many places in the city. They do not catch fish — they catch contentment.

No better way exists to see Paris than to stroll through its streets and alleys, to wander down its broad boulevards and into its odd corners. There is a special quality to Paris streets that makes one want to walk in them endlessly; and the curious fact is that one never gets tired. Only by walking can one savor the majesty and grandeur of the city's design, the generous vistas of the wide avenues; admire the use of trees for shade and ornamentation, planted with as much care as an artist composes a picture. Only by walking through them can one experience the sense of timelessness that runs through the old quarters which survive untouched from antiquity — the "Paris that is Paris," the medieval, even ancient, city so often unnoticed and unvisited by the tourist, to his infinite loss.

Cross the Seine to the Left Bank and you will come to this old Paris, to the rue de la Huchette. Here in 1795, in a room under the eaves, in a "furnished rooms hotel" known as the Cadran Bleu, quite near the rue de Petit Point, lived an artillery officer for a time. He used to take a meager lunch at the Café Cuisiner on the corner of the rue Saint Andre des Arts near the Point Saint-Michel, and he never paid more than a modest 25 sous for dinner here or at one of the other cafés

nearby. Times were hard for him then. It was a period of misery. His star had not yet risen. When you stroll beyond the house that harbored him, into the narrow Street of the Fishing Cat, and eventually to the Church of Saint Severin, the University church with its beautiful stained-glass windows, your thoughts may well dwell on this young officer. He was the master of all Europe for a time, and he left his mark on history, for this was Napoleon and it was in memory of this unhappy period that he re-opened the Church of Saint Severin.

All around this section of the Left Bank are history and tradition and places of artists' and students' yearnings and achievements. Its Latin Quarter has been the home of the Sorbonne — the University of Paris — since the beginning of the 13th century. The Quarter is bisected by the Boulevard Saint-Michel, known all over the world as "the students' boulevard." The students love to hang around the "Boul'Mich'" in their leisure time and the Place Saint-Michel dominates the whole district.

IN THIS PART of Paris, Saint-Germain and the Quais, the stroller can really stroll or spend hours poking around in the antique shops that abound. The descendants of the noble families live out their years here quietly.

The oldest stones in Paris are found here in the church of Saint

Germain-des-Pres; the groundwork of its tower is the most ancient edifice in Paris, dating back to the beginning of the 11th century. Near the famous old church are three literary cafés, famous ones, "Café des Deux Magots," "Brasserie Lipp" and "Café de Flor," standing on the very ground on which stood the fortified place of the old monks of Saint-Germain. Dine somewhere here — anywhere — for even the "chauffers' bistros" serve magnificent food — and come to these cafés, or to the Dome or the Rotonde for an after-dinner coffee and liqueur. The café "types" will all be on hand — students reading or arguing; boulevardiers ogling the pretty girl tourists; businessmen making a deal.

On another day, let your walking take you to the Île de la Cite, in mid-Seine, dominated by Notre Dame, the great cathedral of Paris, like lace carved in stone, surrounded by its flying buttresses, watched over by its gargoyles, a magnificent Gothic structure and, except for the groundwork of the belltower of Saint-Germain-des-Pres, the oldest monument in Paris. Its famous rose windows of the Port du Cloître and the Porte Saint-Etienne as well as the stained glass of the chancel, let only a soft, many-hued light filter through into its dark, imposing interior, inviting to contemplation and meditation.

Wait for the end of the day here and as dusk comes on outside, and before the mist rises from the river,

you will see Paris suffused with a pure light, a light with a special, unique quality. Blue-violet in tone, mysterious and enchanting, it holds a pale, soft luminescence, half-gold, half-silver, that seems to have been drawn up from the warmth of the heart of Paris, and all the sparkle and glitter of the city. As darkness takes over, change your mood and your direction, for Paris comes alive at night like a blaze of light coming up suddenly out of the black. Get into gala clothes to match your mood and dine in one of the "big" restaurants in Paris, and eat like a Roman emperor, circa 200 B.C.

FRANCE is a nation of gourmets and no one should leave Paris without experiencing what French genius can do with all the products of the earth. Fouquet's, Maxim's, the Tour d'Argent, the Ritz Hotel, the Plaza Athenee, all these and many more will give you something to talk about for years. The experience will be expensive but it will be worth it.

On any day, see and sample the elegance of the Place Vendome and the rue de la Paix where that other facet of French genius is displayed — high fashion. From the Parisienne's domain, in the rue St. Honore, where milliners make the inimitable Paris hat, under the arcades of the rue de Castiglione, are the wonderful temptations in feminine finery which make this section the heart of fashionable Paris. Here

are *haute couture*, perfume, all the oddments and tidbits of lace and loveliness, the airiness and firmness of chiffon and silk, the supple, soft bulk of furs, the shimmer and sparkle of jewels.

The currently popular designers, those who have emerged and won great success since the end of the war have moved "uptown," on the streets off the Champs Elysees, near the hotel Georges Cinq and the Rond-Point.

Here, on the days preceding the grand openings, American and other foreign buyers and fashion writers crowd the narrow streets, jam stairs and tiny "lifts" and jostle the wives of millionaires and royalty, for places up front to see the guarded secrets of the great designers emerge on the incredible bony slimness of the French mannequins.

Dior and Balenciaga are crowding each other for top place; Balmain holds steady. The Greek, Desses, who dresses Marina, the Duchess of Kent, and patriotically produced a cut-rate wardrobe for the Greek Queen Fredericka's American visit recently; Griffe, the protégé of the well-remembered and beloved Vionnet of the fluid line and artful drape, all these and others make exciting news each spring and fall.

Paris is not just the capital of France; it is not just a Frenchman's adored city. It is everyone's city. The true Parisian will go further; he will tell you Paris is *not* a city at all; it is a world.

In Paris Be Sure to See: The race-track at Longchamps, manicured like an estate, with Parisian and foreigner enjoying the leisurely luxury of a day there. . . . Paris spread out below you from the top of the Eiffel Tower or the terrace of Sacre Coeur . . . the Punch and Judy shows in the Luxembourg Gardens, performances that are real masterpieces, their premiere reviewed by all the Paris newspapers . . . the Palais de Chaillot, an important modern monument left after the Exhibition of 1937, a product of the new French school of architecture, containing many museums and a remarkable theater at its lowest level, down flight after flight of thick-carpeted stairs . . . the headless statue in the arch on the east side of the church of the Madeleine, decapitated by a shell from a German "Big Bertha" in World War I.

In Paris You'll Find: "La Société Micologique," 16 rue Claude-Bernard, which organizes mushroom hunts and in mid-October has its own salon . . . an incredible number of restaurants, all good, where your true Frenchman makes a ritual of a meal, savoring each mouthful as if it were his last; where the same champagne is \$1.50 a bottle in an out-of-the-way place patronized by the natives, and \$10.50 a bottle in one of the luxurious English-is-spoken tourist traps . . . the Folies Bergeres with its believe-it-or-not family atmosphere . . .

In Paris You'll Remember: The insanely individualistic traffic patterns . . . Cadillac convertibles, Renaults, sports cars, jeeps, limousines, decrepit taxis, bicycles, motorcycles, motor-scooters, hansom cabs and horses . . . the city at night when all Paris is floodlit . . . Notre Dame, the Madeleine, the Place de l'Opera, the Hotel des Invalides, the Arc de Triomphe and more; and the fountains at the Rond-Point des Champs Elysees send up jets of crystal water, iridescent in the magnificent illumination . . . early morning at the Madeleine's flower markets at the top of rue Royale, or before the Prefecture de Police in the Place Louis Lepin; and the bird market on Sunday at the Quai de la Cite . . . the beautiful Bois de Boulogne on the western edge of Paris, bosky woods in the city . . . Sacre Coeur by moonlight . . . the great sweep of the Champs Elysees from the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile to the Louvre, once fields and market gardens, now a wide avenue that leads nowhere in particular, with France's Unknown Soldier resting under his Eternal Light at one end, and the Mona Lisa and Venus de Milo beckoning with eternal beauty to their galleries at the eastern end . . . the central food markets — Les Halles — at dawn, where the onion soup in the winter is ambrosia . . . the Seine, morning, noon and night, winter, summer, spring and fall — you'll remember the Seine.

BY EUGENE PAWLEY

CAUSE OF DEATH



*Ask
Gettler*



A MAN dies in an automobile accident. A girl is found in a furnished apartment apparently suffocated by gas. Where the cause of death cannot be determined, toxicology — the detection of poisons by chemical methods — is indicated.

The man who is generally acknowledged to be the greatest living toxicologist is Alexander Oscar Gettler. You will usually find him, a stoutish, businesslike-looking man in shirt sleeves, with a cigar between his lips, on the fourth floor of the dingy brick pile that houses the New York City morgue. Here he does most of his work, in a laboratory filled with glass apparatus and neat exhibits of the chemical results of assorted crimes.

There are less than one dozen cities or states in the United States where

toxicology is standard practice: New York City; Boston, Massachusetts; Essex County, New Jersey; Nassau County, New York; Maryland; Virginia; Cleveland, Ohio; Washington, D. C.; and Hartford, Connecticut. In the latter five communities, the toxicologists are former students of Dr. Gettler.

At present he is official toxicologist to the Chief Medical Examiner's office. He does chemical analysis on the organs of some 2,500 bodies a year, and since he is called to court to testify on murder cases about fifty times a year, he no longer has to be "qualified" as an expert. But there is nothing about his manner or appearance to distinguish him from the man in the street — a ticket agent, say, which he once was, or a good pinochle player, which he still is — rather than a chemist with an international reputation.

Highly technical sleuthing is often required in cases where circumstantial evidence points more than one

way. Not only murderers, but suicides too, sometimes try to throw detectives off the scent. One day an auto, with a man's body lying across the front fender, both in flames, was found on a back-country road. It appeared to be a case of accidental death by fire. The medical examiner's office, with the help of Dr. Gettler, came to another conclusion. After the usual postmortem, a toxicological analysis for the presence or absence of carbon monoxide in the heart's blood proved that the man had not died in the fire. A further test showed the presence of sodium cyanide in the organs, and the case was closed.

The man had suffered heavy financial losses. He must have argued that if he appeared to have died in an automobile accident, his family would be provided for by the large insurance policy he had taken out, with the double indemnity clause in case of accident. He therefore drove to a deserted road, set his car on fire, drank the solution of sodium cyanide, threw the container into the shrubbery, and fell across the fender. A good imitation of an accidental death. But it was not good enough to fool a toxicologist.

THE CASUAL visitor to Dr. Gettler's laboratory may shudder at the sight of some charred bones under glass — those of the captain of the ill-fated *Morro Castle*, which were analyzed to determine whether he was a suicide. But in general, the

toxicologist's chemical lab looks much like any other.

The only horror Dr. Gettler experienced was in the early period of his apprenticeship, when he would spend long nights awake, not troubled by the ugly things he dealt with, but fretting over the possibility that he might have made an error in analysis which would send an innocent person to the electric chair. He does not fret over this any more, for time and experience have brought him confidence in his findings.

But he still lies awake nights, thinking. It was thus that he hit upon one of his most famous tests.

The case on which he was working was that of an infant who had been successfully operated on and who died the night before it was to be discharged from the hospital. The brain and liver proved to contain traces of a liquid which appeared to be wood alcohol. Yet it had a boiling point of 42 degrees C., whereas wood alcohol boils at 64.6 degrees C.

Evidently the liquid was a mixture of wood alcohol and some other substance with a lower boiling point. But if, in trying to discover what that substance was, Dr. Gettler used up the liquid — a drop and a half was all he had — no more could be obtained and the case would be unsolved.

Dr. Gettler sealed his drop in a hair-like glass tube, called a capillary, for safekeeping. Then he made different organic mixtures of low boiling point, trying to find some

means of separating them. Once he did so, he could start working with the mysterious drop. The problem occupied him, on and off, for some six months. One night, as he lay awake puzzling, he was struck with the notion of making a distilling apparatus small enough to fractionate a single drop of liquid. This was the origin of Dr. Gettler's distillation capillary.

In his own eyes it is his most important contribution in his field. Even to the layman's eyes, the apparatus is a thing of beauty; so jewel-like in its delicacy that it might be exhibited in a fine glassware shop. It consists of a tiny glass tube with a bulb smaller than a match head at one end, and a hair-pin bend from which an even finer tube leads to a receiving capillary.

By the elaborate process of micro-distillation made possible by this device, Dr. Gettler discovered that the mysterious drop contained wood alcohol and methyl formate, a volatile solvent which boils at 31.5 degrees C. Thanks to this analysis, it was found that the child had died from inhaling the fumes of a liquid insecticide which the nurse had used to clean its scalp. The product is no longer on the market.

IT is Dr. Gettler's conviction that seldom are lies so brazenly told as in the courtroom. Unless the witness to a fatal accident gives his testimony on the spot, it is likely to be colored, when the case comes up for

trial months or even years later, by what the defense wants him to swear. The only certain way of discovering whether a man killed in an automobile accident was drunk when he crossed the street, or whether the driver was drunk when he ran into his victim, is to test the alcohol concentration in the brain of the deceased or the spinal fluid of the living.

Dr. Gettler has devised such a test. He was also the first to prove that traces of alcohol are always present in our organs, blood and tissues, irrespective of whether alcoholic beverages have been consumed. Before he began working on the problem, the alcohol had never been isolated, because in a normal brain weighing some three pounds only one-tenth of a drop of alcohol may be present.

In beginning his experiments, Dr. Gettler offered dogs water containing one per cent alcohol, but they refused to touch it. For several days he left them without water. By that time they were thirsty enough to welcome this mixture. He increased its alcohol content over a period of months until it contained 50 per cent alcohol, which is the equivalent of 100 proof whiskey. The dogs liked it. They got drunk every day. They staggered about the laboratory; they howled in lieu of weeping or singing; sometimes they even hiccuped.

Then Dr. Gettler gave them a rest period and took a fresh set of dogs that had never tasted alcohol. He

called the first set habitués; the second set, abstainers. To each set he gave the same amount of alcohol. As might have been expected, the abstainers got drunk on quantities that had no effect on the habitués. Then he destroyed all the dogs, by giving them morphine and then clamping the trachea, a method to which even the S.P.C.A. could scarcely object.

On analysis, he found that the organs of the habitués had less alcohol than the abstainers because they oxidized it at a faster rate.

This experiment was followed up by testing human victims of fatal accidents. Besides analyzing 12,000 brains over a period of five years, he checked up on the patients at Bellevue, who were delighted to get whiskey. The latter test was possible because the amount of alcohol in the spinal fluid runs parallel with that in the brain, and he could tap the spinal fluid at regular intervals. This series of tests allowed him to determine that a .25 per cent concentration or more of alcohol in the brain tissue or in the spinal fluid is proof of intoxication.

ONE of the earlier tests Dr. Gettler devised tells whether a body found floating in water is that of a drowned person or of one who was dead before being thrown in. Dr. Gettler hit upon the idea of determining the amount of salt in the blood of the right and left chambers of the heart.

All human blood contains a defi-

nite quantity of salt, which is one-sixth the amount of salt in an equal volume of sea water. When a person drowns in the ocean, the salt water reaches the lungs, is taken up by the blood and carried to the left chamber of the heart, circulates through the body and enters the right chamber. But before this blood with a salt content can reach the right chamber, the person dies.

It follows that when a man drowns in salt water, the blood in the left chamber of the heart contains more salt than that in the right; while the opposite holds true, if he drowns in fresh water. If the salt content of both chambers is the same, death was not caused by drowning.

The microchemical methods Dr. Gettler devised in testing for salt were applied in the famous Starr Faithful case, in which a gay and beautiful girl disappeared from a steamer. The body was recovered and it was assumed that she had fallen overboard while drunk. Dr. Gettler's analysis proved that she had been unconscious due to sleeping drugs, then thrown overboard and drowned.

Among the prizes Dr. Gettler has received for his toxicological exhibit was one at the American Medical Association meeting in 1931, for radium poisoning in humans. Dr. Harrison S. Martland, Chief Medical Examiner of Essex County, New Jersey, noticed that there were a number of deaths among the employees of a company which manu-

factured radium dials. Further, while the company doctor attributed deaths to a variety of causes, from TB to syphilis, Dr. Martland observed that the girls all showed the same symptoms. His suspicions aroused, he called upon Dr. Gettler to help him determine the facts.

The girls' work consisted in painting the radium numerals on watch dials. To do this they would point the brushes between their lips, dip the brushes in a paint containing a trace of radium, apply them to the watch face, and then repeat the procedure. A very small trace of radium would be swallowed in the process.

Death by radium is as slow as it is horrible, taking from two to five years. The bodies were exhumed, and Dr. Gettler took the bones to his lab. Placing them on a film in a dark room, he left them there for a week. Upon developing the film he found that the alpha, beta, and gamma rays of the radium present had worked to leave images of the bones on the film. Had radium been absent, the film would have remained blank. Credit for solving this problem was shared by Dr. Martland and Dr. Gettler.

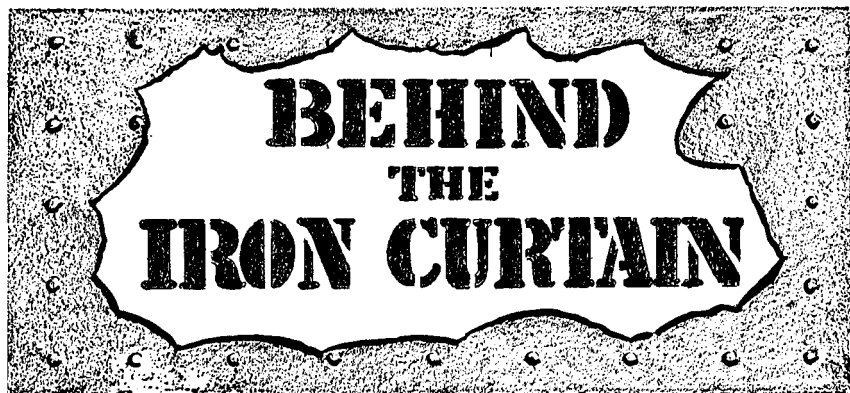
IN ALL these procedures accuracy is, as Bertie Wooster would say, "of the essence." Dr. Gettler's precision of both hand and speech makes him particularly annoyed when he is misquoted. Once a well-known writer of murder mysteries came to his office to ask him to name a poi-

son never used before, one that could be taken in whiskey. Dr. Gettler happened to be working with tetraethyl lead, a liquid so poisonous that if you merely paint the ears of a rabbit with it, the creature will have convulsions within a quarter of an hour. It seemed the perfect answer to the writer's request. The poison figured in a story, but the facts relating to its isolation from ethyl gasoline were distorted. Dr. Gettler has never forgiven the man.

He has quite a public of his own, as lecturer at colleges and clubs and medical societies all over the country. This is, of course, in addition to his regular lectures as professor of toxicology and of chemistry at New York University.

His associates say that his personality is as stable as the nitrogen molecule. The qualities that they noted in him at the outset of his career remain his distinguishing characteristics; a bulldog tenacity which will keep him at a problem for more than a decade, until he solves it; the modesty of a great scientist; an integrity that has no price.

Dr. Gettler lives quietly in an old house in Brooklyn with his wife. When his son, Joey, was working for his Ph.D. in chemistry at Columbia, he avowed he had no intention of following in his father's footsteps. "There's too much on your conscience," he said then, and his father, recalling the sleepless nights early in his career, is rather inclined to agree with such a point of view.



Blackmail of Total Destruction

By **ALAN SET**

“DON’T MOVE or I’ll shoot.” This threat, quietly uttered by a man in uniform with a tommy gun under his arm to other men facing him with nothing but their bare fists, sufficiently explains the strange subservience of millions of Russians, Ukrainians, Poles, Czechs, Hungarians and others behind the Iron Curtain, to the Communist tyranny they cannot but hate. One dislikes to be coerced, but one dislikes even more to be dead. And therefore one chooses not to move. The Communists do not exaggerate when they claim that the U.S.S.R. has become the quietest place in the world.

What we are now witnessing is the same armed man, with the brownish-red enameled star on his shabby cap,

a dispassionate sub-human creature trained for the sole purpose of executing orders, turning his cold eyes from his own down-trodden people to stare further away — westward. The armed man has not yet said “Don’t move or I’ll shoot,” but his look is unmistakable. And the coercive force begins to work.

Before it was even expressed with words, the threat of total destruction began to weigh more and more heavily on an ever-increasing number of Frenchmen and Britishers, who, with growing anguish, consider their inevitable doom in the event of an atomic war. The fear of the armed man looking at them from the East becomes a factor in the political thinking of the otherwise not too

timid Germans. Have we not read in our own press that in the event of a sudden atomic attack, ten or fifteen million Americans could lose their lives even before the avenging air fleets would have time to take off from their bases?

Now, the threat of the armed M.V.D. man is very real for the disarmed masses within the Red Empire. His tommy gun is not a fake; it is a simple but extremely efficient weapon, and it is loaded. And if anyone disobeys orders he will be shot, and nothing will help him. The question arises, however, how real is the threat the U.S.S.R. poses to the Western World, which certainly has something more than bare fists with which to defend itself? In other words — is it a threat or only an attempt at blackmail? This question is of paramount importance, because today it governs the whole international situation; it is being discussed here as well as in Europe at the highest policy-making levels, on the basis of information not available to the general public. In this article it will be answered in the light of a restricted number of facts which are known and which will speak for themselves once placed in proper perspective.

USSR — A FAIRLY STRONG COUNTRY

The reality of the menace presented by any country's military establishment depends on the interplay of two main factors: economic

strength combined with the psychological disposition of the regime by which its people are governed. In 1945, the U.S., the sole possessor of the atomic bomb, had the material means for conquering the world, yet it did not. Armed conquest is alien to the American government, because this government is truly representative of the American people. Armed conquest would certainly appeal to any Mau Mau tribesman in Kenya, yet because of their economic poverty they achieve nothing more than to be a nuisance to the British colonists.

Because of the foolishness of the Western Powers, who after the war allowed the U.S.S.R. to absorb all of Eastern Europe and thus increase Russian production by one-third — the Soviet Union is today a country fairly strong economically, with very great potentialities for the future.

In perhaps a little more than a year, the U.S.S.R. and its European satellites, with a population twice that of the U.S.A., will be producing as much coal as the U.S.A., twice as much wheat, and the same amount of cotton. They should reach the impressive figure of three-fifths of American pig iron production, of about half of American electric power, of more than half of the amount of aluminum, and about one fifth of our petroleum. Even if these figures appear on the whole rather modest when compared with the economic power of the U.S.A., they

designate the U.S.S.R. as a force capable of throwing its great weight on the scales of the world's future, for good or bad.

Impressive as this sounds, the U.S.S.R. with its European satellites can be called only fairly strong economically because behind the figures of its rising production, there are a great number of other factors which show inherent weakness. To enumerate just a few: the Soviet transportation system is completely inadequate; railways are few and overloaded; and good roads almost nonexistent. The total number of cars and trucks does not reach 500,000 for a population of over 210 million; the U.S.S.R. has neither tin nor rubber and makes desperate efforts to smuggle in from abroad all the non-ferrous metals it needs for its war industries. Because of the lack of incentives, the productivity of labor is so low that six Soviet workers are required to do one American worker's job. And last but not least, Soviet agriculture, still on the level of 1928, not to speak of the completely disorganized agriculture in the satellite countries, proves insufficient, not only to satiate the population, but even to keep people at work.

THESE lights and shadows of the Soviet economy find their counterpart in the strength and weakness of the Soviet military establishment. The more than six million men in the U.S.S.R. and its satellites now

under arms are frightening enough by their sheer numbers to turn at least a great part of Western Europeans into rabid pacifists. From the 175 Soviet active ground divisions — 65 of them armored or fully mechanized — 22 are concentrated in East Germany, with 60 more in readiness in the European satellite countries and in European Western Russia. In addition, Western Europe faces 80 Red satellite divisions, now almost indistinguishable from the Soviet ones, equipped with standardized weapons, trained and commanded by Soviet officers.

The 20,000-aircraft-strong active Soviet air force with supersonic jet fighters and the new jet bombers comparable to the B-52, is numerically superior to that of the U.S.A. The Navy has at least 350 submarines, about half of them large or medium ocean-going types.

And this is not all. Since September, 1949, the Soviet Union possesses the atomic bomb. And at the present time it is estimated they have stockpiled a supply of well over 400 of these bombs. On August 12, 1953, they exploded a hydrogen weapon, "a good deal sooner than most officials in Washington had expected." In February of this year, tests with atomic artillery were reported as having taken place by Moscow. And last June, Nikita Khrushchev boasted at Prague in a speech carefully censored later by the Moscow press: "We know full well that to live with our enemies in this world

we must be strong. . . . We have done everything we could. We have developed atomic energy, we have developed the atomic bomb. We have forestalled the capitalists and developed the hydrogen bomb before them. The capitalists will not fight now."

"The capitalists will not fight now . . ." Here we are in the midst of the Soviet blackmail. Because blackmail it is. "Don't move or I'll shoot . . ." The difference is that if the men with bare fists would move against the orders received they would die instantly, killed by a burst from the Red soldier's Tommy gun; while if the "capitalists" would start fighting in violation of Soviet orders, only the Red Empire would be killed. And this Nikita Khrushchev knows, better perhaps than anyone else.

A LONG-RANGE AGGRESSION PLAN

Powerful as it is, the Soviet military establishment is today not yet ready for a total war with the West. It suffers from the very infirmities of the Soviet economy. The extremely poor Soviet transportation system, and the almost complete lack of overland pipelines would leave Soviet armor short of fuel and supplies almost at the outset of the war. The production of aluminum, an average of ten tons of which are needed for the construction of a single combat aircraft, would soon become inadequate. No modern war can be fought

without molybdenum and other non-ferrous metals of which the U.S.S.R. is desperately short, and vainly tries to replace with low quality substitutes. If war with the West should come, there would be no lend-lease, no shiploads of American food supplies, no American trucks and chemicals, no incessant strategic bombing of the common enemy by hundreds of American super-fortresses and R.A.F. Lancasters. But this is only one part of the story.

World War II proved how unreliable the Soviet man is when given a chance to turn against his own masters. Within the first five months of fighting, an average one hundred and twenty-five thousand Red Army men surrendered weekly to the Nazi invaders. By March of 1942, the Germans held 3,600,000 Soviet prisoners. It was only Hitler's madness, spurred on by Rosenberg's perverse ideas on the necessity of the physical extermination of part of Russia's population, which in the spring of 1942, forced the Russians to fight not for the sake of their regime nor even for their homeland, but because they were given no choice. And even then there were sincere Russian patriots such as the highly praised defender of Moscow, General Vlasov, and the Red Army generals, Malishkin, Truchin and Blagoveshchensky, who thought they could best serve their country by organizing, under the hated German tutelage, a Russian army of liberation from Stalinist rule.

Not absolutely certain of their own men, the rulers of the U.S.S.R. are perfectly well aware that the greatest part of the 80 satellite divisions are for the moment still more of a liability than a real asset. Reports by a number of well-informed Russian escapees, among them those brought by MGB Captain Khokhlov, who specialized in studying the Poles and the Rumanians, clearly indicate that in case of war in the near future, Moscow would consider its European satellites rather as potential enemies than allies. The steady buildup of armed forces in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria forms part of a long-range plan which — and the Russians know this very well — may succeed only if the West gives them at least several years of time, on which they firmly count.

ECONOMICALLY, the U.S.S.R. needs at least a few more years of peace to be prepared for aggression. The same amount of time would at least be required for a marked improvement of the standard of living, to build up the morale of the Red Army, and to win some more friends among the satellites. How does it happen that already today so many people all over the world consider it safer to compromise with Moscow than to accept a showdown, for which the U.S.S.R. is not yet equipped? Can the U.S.S.R., unprepared as it is, win the war simply by staging an atomic Pearl Har-

bor on a gigantic scale, which would crush all resistance with one smashing blow?

Even if we assume that the U.S.S.R. has today a supply of atomic and thermo-nuclear bombs sufficient for the total destruction of the free powers, all careful examination of the situation proves that at present and for a few years to come, it cannot but lose an all-out atomic war. Surrounded on all sides with enemy bases, the U.S.S.R. has no means to defend its immense territories from air attack. Some of its most vital industries, particularly the few cracking plants, would be devastated in the first days of such a conflict. And the U.S.A. remains still practically out of reach of Soviet aircraft. The only thing the Russians can do with certainty — and here we are touching a point which characterizes the whole present international situation — is to inflict terrible destruction on England and France, both well within the range of the new Soviet heavy and medium jet air fleets. While not in a position to save itself from total destruction, the U.S.S.R. has the means of mortally wounding the two European allies without whose cooperation the U.S.A. would be isolated in a hostile or indifferent world. This is what Nikita Khrushchev had in mind when he announced in Prague: "The capitalists will not fight." This is the reason, too, why so many Frenchmen and Britishers, perfectly aware that what Moscow is aiming at

is only to complete preparations for a war against the U.S.A., are shy of helping American diplomacy by taking even a slight risk. They want to know whether a "slight risk" can, in the atomic age, mean the obliteration of Paris and London, which no ultimate victory would ever make good.

IT MAY CHANGE within the next few years, but the material power to impose — without an all-out war — a peace based on justice upon the world, remains still in the hands of the West. Those who rule the Red Empire are no fools. They are cold-blooded calculators, extremely careful gamblers ready to retreat where the odds are clearly against them. They do take many risks but always only to a certain well established limit, which is the axiom of the conservation of their Communist state. When they seem to be saying to the West "Don't move or I'll shoot,"

they know that they are bluffing. But they know at the same time that the democratic Western regimes, dependent on the voters, cannot afford to call the bluff. The blackmail of total destruction works. Dragged by her vulnerable allies, the U.S.A. unwillingly offers to negotiate. Moscow is gaining time, the only thing it needs to replace the present blackmail with a threat which then will be made in all earnestness: "Don't move, or your cities will be destroyed within the hour."

The agonizing question which arises is: How can Democracy be saved?

How can Democracy, representative of public opinion, which is always hesitant, often divided, and sometimes misled by unfounded fears and misgivings, win against the psychological wickedness of a totalitarian regime, free to act as it pleases to achieve a single goal: the conquest of the world?



There is one safeguard known generally to the wise, which is an advantage and security to all, but especially to democracies as against despots. What is it? Distrust.

DEMOSTHENES: *Philippic 2, Sect. 24*

Tea at the Major's

BY GUY PRIEST

HIS HOME is a long, white stone house on the side of a mountain, set on an island shaped like a skate, off the coast of the County Mayo in Ireland. And it is the last house of the Old World. Beyond that two-thousand-odd-foot peak, the cliffs break sheer to the waves and the Atlantic spreads away into far blue distances without landfall, to the shores of the New World.

From the wide windows of the studio, extending almost the length of the front of the house, beyond a fuchsia hedge splashed with color as from a crimson palette, one sees five hundred feet below the wide arm of the village forming an arc by the shore. Behind and beyond, the dun and olive and dark brown of bog and turfbank rise in smooth lines to other mountains, with here and there among the heather bright pools "scarce large enough to bathe a star." In the distance, other precipitous cliffs fall to the water, and waves surge and boil around their feet.

Now as we watch by the window we see a procession leaving the village and following the white road that climbs the mountain. By car,



by cycle, by pony-trap and on foot, the summer visitors are making their way to Corrymore, for this is a special afternoon in the week. It is Sunday, and there is tea at the Major's.

But this is no ordinary tea party. Soon the studio is thronged with smiling, gaily clad young people. Seated on rush chairs, crowding on sofas, leaning against the straw-colored walls hung with oils and watercolors, the collection of a connoisseur (see that Jack Yeates in the corner, a little masterpiece), the company is completely informal. As we drink our tea and sample the delicious home-made fare — griddle cakes, fruit cakes, wheaten bread with golden butter and the Major's honey — we discuss books and the theater, horses and salmon, in an atmosphere at once genial and friendly and warm with hospitality.

Then presently a grey-haired figure in flannels and bawneen jacket and sneakers (soft slippers of seal-skin) is moving among us, our quiet-voiced and gentle host greeting old friends and welcoming new ones. And for all his years — he saw service in the 1914-18 war — he is still active and as nimble of foot as any

of the younger company, as presently you will see. For now in the wide space of the smoothly grained floor he describes and demonstrates the intricate and varied steps of Irish and English folk dances. In this branch of the dance form he is something of an authority, and on this mountainside in a far western isle has established his own small community for the encouragement of music and the arts.

THROUGHOUT Ireland today, the Folklore Commission is working to record and preserve for future generations the priceless folk tradition and history of the country. But the Major has gone a step further; his aim is to foster the culture of many nations. To this end he has built, on the flank of the mountain beside his house, an open-air theater of peat and stone, with terraced seats and a stage of sheep-nibbled turf. Such a natural setting as many directors must dream of, with mountains and sea for backcloth, and the deep blue of an Irish sky overhead. Here he hopes to one day hold an international folk dance festival to which representatives from all nations will be invited.

The brief demonstration concluded, he now calls upon his guests to line up in couples down the center of the room. Then to the accompaniment of the piano by the window, we follow his lead in the Helston Furry Processional — the so-called Floral Dance — from Helston

in Cornwall. Unpracticed at first, very soon eye and ear and limb are attuned to this natural expression of well-being and delight, and our initial nervousness overcome, we find ourselves stepping lightly and accurately as once did our forebears on the village greens of old England and of Ireland. And though senior to all of us, the Major, taking his partner by the hand, light-footed and bright of eye, leads us on.

Afterwards, for an interlude, a slim child with speedwell eyes and flaxen hair dances a hornpipe.

Presently the Major and his most accomplished pupil fasten clusters of bells about their legs and holding short, spirally painted sticks in their hands dance the "Rigs of Marlowe" — the title and melody of which bear a remarkable resemblance to the old Irish air, "Rakes of Mallow." Then the company again all join in for an Irish longways dance, this one the "Bridge of Athlone," of which we never seem to tire.

So all too swiftly the afternoon slips away into evening. For many visitors the journey home is long, and presently the festival comes to an end. One by one the cars and pony-traps depart down the winding road in the twilight. And while the last hues of the sunset drain into the Atlantic, we who are left, the resident guests, stand around the piano where someone is playing "Galway Bay" — an air which seems fitting to our mood and the occasion.



The *Vanishing* U.S. Merchant Fleets

By Oliver Patrick

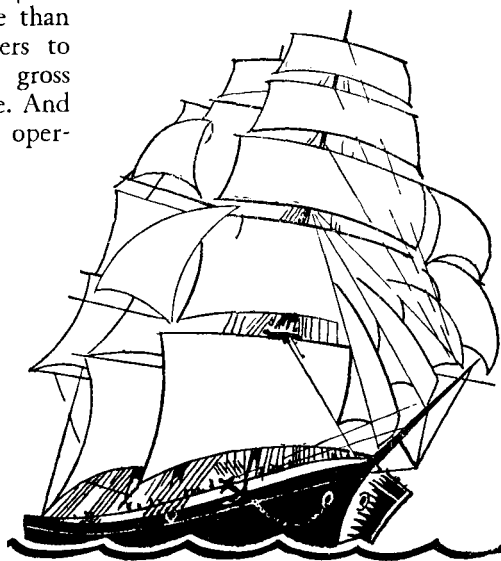
DESPITE the costly lessons of two world wars and the ever-present threat of a third, the U.S. merchant marine is on the verge of being swept from the seas for the third time since the turn of the century.

Since the end of World War II, the huge merchant fleet that we built at a cost of more than \$14 billion has dwindled from more than 5,000 cargo ships and tankers to only 1,521 vessels of 1,000 gross tons or more in active service. And of these about 300 are being operated by the Government.

The reasons, of course, are easy to find. Ships flying the American flag simply cannot compete with low-wage foreign vessels for world cargoes. American seamen are the highest-paid, the best-fed, and the most comfortably quartered in the world. The average seaman on a U.S. ship is paid four to five times the wages of the seaman on a British vessel, six to seven

times those of the man on the Greek ship. And it costs the U.S. company anywhere from three to six times as much to feed and quarter him as it does the foreign competitor.

The difference is inevitably reflected in the operating costs. According to the Department of Com-



merce, a U.S. ship carrying 51 men has a monthly wage cost of \$20,800. The same ship could have been operated by a European crew, under British practices, for \$4,700, the Department's figures indicate. The foreign shipping company, under the simple rules of arithmetic, can quote far more attractive rates in competing for cargo — even for cargo bought and paid for by the U.S. taxpayer and shipped abroad as gifts to the other maritime nations of the world.

This brings up the second reason for the precarious state of U.S. shipping. Its demise is being hastened by a powerful group of internationally minded U.S. officials and Congressmen, led by the Department of State, who believe that in the interest of world cooperation, we should allow our merchant fleets to die. They insist that the foreign maritime nations need the increased dollar earnings from their shipping services to maintain stable economies, and that it is in our own interest to allow them to carry our share, as well as their own share, of foreign trade. If war should come again, they insist that we can always rely on our friends to furnish us with adequate bottoms for our military and economic needs.

So they stubbornly, and for the most part successfully, oppose shipbuilding and ship-operating subsidies and preferential arrangements which might keep at least a reasonably sized American fleet afloat.

A QUICK LOOK at the record indicates the extent to which we can count on foreign shipping in time of crisis.

Before World War I the once proud American merchant marine had dwindled to the point that 91% of all cargoes to and from the United States was carried in foreign bottoms. Then came the war, and our commerce was paralyzed. British and neutral shipowners eagerly grasped the opportunity to gouge U.S. shippers. Cargo rates jumped 700% in a matter of months, and at the peak of the war had risen 2,000%.

And in the end we had to build our own merchant marine, at war-boom prices. We built, by the end of the war, a fleet of 2,547 ships, of 15,000,000 deadweight tons, and at the cost of \$3 billion. A fleet of the same size could have been built before the war at a cost of about \$800,000,000.

During the period between the wars our merchant marine had again dwindled under the competition of low-wage foreign vessels, many using Oriental labor. By 1939, we had only 1,300 ships of over 1,000 tons in service (about the same as now). And when the war came again, we found that, instead of our friends' and allies' supplying us with cargo space, we had to build ships to give to them. In a time of critical shortages of all materials, the nation was forced to build 54 million gross tons of merchant shipping, of which 5.5

million tons were delivered to our allies.

The cost of the World War II ship-building program was \$14 billion. The same tonnage could have been constructed between the wars for about \$4 billion.

BUT THE price we paid for our neglect was by no means confined to money. The top military and naval leaders of the nation have testified time and again that both wars were prolonged, and the loss of life increased, by our shortage of cargo ships and tankers. In fact, one top official has stated that we came within about 50 or 60 ships of losing World War II.

Yet now, for the third time, we are allowing the U.S. merchant marine to be torpedoed by foreign competition and well-meaning zealots, and are preparing to rely once more on our allies to carry our cargoes in event of an emergency.

Whether or not they will be able and willing to do so in event of war is something of a question. But there is no question of their willingness and ability to drive the American flag from the seas in time of peace, unless the Government acts promptly with a long-range program.

When World War II ended, more than 50% of the world's merchant shipping carried the U.S. flag. Today, less than 10% of the ships in operation are U.S.-owned. Moreover, the ships we do operate are

rapidly becoming obsolescent. More than 80% of our ships were constructed during World War II, and will have exceeded their estimated 20 years of useful life by 1960 to 1965. Meanwhile, the other maritime nations are rapidly building up modern, high-speed fleets — with the assistance of the Marshall Plan and other aid programs.

Since the end of the war, twelve million tons of new merchant shipping has been built in the world, of which the United States completed only 2%. The British built 30% of the total, Norway 12%, France 8%, and other nations the balance.

At present there is not a single new cargo ship on the ways in an American yard, and not a single order on the books for 1953 or 1954. Two new cargo ships have been ordered for 1955.

The Department of Commerce estimates that we should build at least 60 new vessels a year to maintain our merchant fleet at minimum efficiency in event of an emergency, and to keep our shipyards going and available for a quick buildup. It plans to introduce a comprehensive program to the next Congress, including government-insured ship-building mortgages, shipping subsidies and ship-building subsidies.

But the screams of the internationalists are already being heard on Capitol Hill, and a long and bitter legislative battle is ahead if the U.S. merchant fleet is to be spared its third disaster in less than 50 years.



"Mr. Lincoln, a penny for your thoughts!"

They Call Themselves **"BLOCK-BUSTERS"**

By DONALD R. SMITH

MAN is usually quite willing to go out of his way to hide any faults, handicaps, or shortcomings. To make an out-and-out display of them is the exception. Such is the case with "Block-Busters" — a formidable sounding name for a club whose sole requirement for membership is to be a stutterer.

At the direction of Dr. McKenzie W. Buck, Head of the Speech and Hearing Clinic at the University of Florida, a number of stutterers were brought together for the purpose of group therapy. Most of them were students at the University who were undergoing treatment in the Clinic's modern facilities. The popularity of these group meetings was such that among themselves they decided to make it a permanent affair. And so, the birth of "Block-Busters" — the first club for stutterers.

Novel as their self-adopted name may be, there is a genuine connection. A *block* is the name applied to the condition that arises when a person stutters.

The purpose of "Block-Busters" is two-fold — therapy for stuttering and the education of people in all walks of life about the whys and wherefores of this social stigma. Each member has a keen and genuine interest in his own personal problem as well as the task of throwing more light on the subject for others.

Contrary to popular notion, stuttering is not universal. A study by an eminent speech pathologist of a group of primitive American Indians revealed that within their society there were no stutterers. The reason was simple — they had no word in their language for it. The mere asso-

ciation of the word plays a great part in forming the condition.

Stuttering, just like writing or speaking, is a learned behavior. It is all in the mind and nowhere else. A survey has shown that anywhere from six-tenths to one per cent of all school children stutter. That is the way they have learned to speak. The stutterer was not necessarily a nervous child. He was just like any other except for the process by which he learned to speak. There is no known physiological or neurological difference between a normal person and a stutterer.

EVERY child goes through a period of so-called normal non-fluency—a period when he will repeat words several times over before going on. Research shows that children between ages two and six average 45 repetitions or non-fluencies for every 1,000 words. The peak of this period is normally at age three. Here the well-meaning parents listen carefully to their child's speech. When a normal non-fluency occurs, they label it stuttering. The child is told not to hesitate or repeat and thus faces a goal that cannot be reached at that age. The resulting pressure creates a cycle that can only be broken by re-learning; a cycle every stutterer goes through.

He expects to stutter; he dreads stuttering; he becomes tense with anticipation; he tries to avoid it; he stutters and again dreads starting to speak. No two stutterers go through

that cycle alike. The intensity of various phases varies with the individual.

Another myth that the "Block-Busters" scotch is that which they face when before groups of parents. They will hear explained to them how two-year-old children began to stutter. In the two-year-old, the stuttering is only in the mind and ears of the listener, for this is when the average child begins his period of normal non-fluency. Another tale frequently heard is that change of handedness is a cause of stuttering. More than anything, it is the attitude accompanying such a change rather than the switch itself.

The "Block-Busters" are a genuine club in every detail. From among the members they elect a chairman and a treasurer. Proceeds from dues go to purchase reprints of articles about stuttering from learned journals. At the end of the year, all surplus funds go for a party. Each member is required to bring a date—something he may have never before.

Weekly meetings are held at the University in Gainesville and with the assistance of Dr. Buck, Clinicians Ray Strauss, Ed Penson, and other staff members, topics are given a thorough going-over. Assignments are made for the next meeting and those from the previous week are discussed. Failure to carry out instructions usually results in an extra detail.

Since a stutterer's toughest job is

facing people and speaking to them, the assignments center around that aspect. They may be asked to interview five people to find out how they reacted to their speech or stop individuals on the street and ask for the time or directions.

One of the hardest is that of making phone calls. A stutterer not only dreads his unseen listener but fears the silence when he is confronted with a block. That, coupled with the possibility that the party may hang up, tends to make it one of the roughest obstacles a "Block-Buster" must face.

Phone calls can be expensive, as one University of Florida student found out. He had been accustomed to receiving an occasional telephone call from his best girl in Washington State. One day he was faced with an ultimatum — either he called her and declared his love or no more phone calls. Taking the lesser of two evils, he gathered courage and phoned. By the time he was through, his bill had run to over \$50.

DELIBERATE stuttering may sound like defeat of purpose but the benefits derived work wonders. By such action, a member can watch the reaction of his listener more closely and, above all, gain control. The ultimate purpose is not to stop stuttering but to do an acceptable job of it. As figures point out, the normal adult "stutters" five to eight times every 100 words.

Aside from the weekly meetings,

the club faces various gatherings to talk and answer questions about stuttering. In appearing before groups they are doing something that for the most part they have avoided all their lives. To face people and gain their confidence is the biggest hurdle on the long road to fluency.

Members admit that they used to make miserable customers. One student, like most folks, enjoyed coffee and doughnuts in the morning. But because he couldn't say "coffee," he always ended up drinking milk — a word which provided no difficulty. Many are the stories of stutters who end up buying things they don't want simply to get the purchase over with. Many a stutterer will have a block while facing a clerk. Trying to be helpful, the clerk will guess at what the customer is attempting to say and is invariably wrong. Since it is easier to say "yes" than start over, the stutterer may find himself buying a shirt when all he wanted was a tie.

A stutterer who couldn't pronounce the name of his home town would purchase a train ticket to a stop 15 miles away to avoid embarrassment. He then would board a bus and eventually get there.

Every "Block-Buster" fully realizes that there is no such thing as a quick cure, no speedy remedy for stuttering. He is in charge of all the actual treatment himself. It is a job which he and only he can do — to learn to "stutter" as well as the normal person.



This Tax Fraud Is SAFE

By Dillard Stokes

THE biggest tax fraud ever pulled off cost the American people three hundred million dollars. Up to now, that is. Forty million dollars more is going the same way in 1954.

Nobody has gone to jail for it, and nobody is going to. There are no scandal headlines in the newspapers, no clamor for an investigation and no angry speeches in Congress.

It's a clean getaway. There are two reasons why:

1. This fraud is perfectly "legal"; the law can't touch it.
2. It is not the Government that is being robbed; it is the Government that is getting the money.

The biggest tax fraud in history got started in 1935, when the first Social Security Act was passed. The scheme of the act was to tax people who worked in covered jobs a small percentage of their wages to build up a fund that would provide them pensions in their old age.

Employers were taxed an equal amount. While the law imposed this tax on the employer's payroll, as a matter of economics he paid over the money on behalf of his workmen.

This plan seemed fair enough to almost everybody. The many who were in favor of Social Security agreed to it, while the handful who were against Social Security were against the whole idea.

For twenty years now all the propaganda about Social Security has brought home these two points — that an employer paid as much tax on a worker's behalf as the worker himself paid on his own account, and that there was a ceiling on the wages taxed in any one year.

Not only was there a limit on the wages taxed, there was the same limit on the amount that could be set down to a worker's credit in any one year. At the start this limit was \$60 a year; now it is \$144.

Employers were supposed to stop withholding Social Security taxes when the limit for the year was reached. Generally they did so. But when a worker switched jobs during a year — as millions of us do — the withholding started all over again, until the limit was reached a second time.

These *extra* taxes were overcharge.

They could not be set down on the books to the credit of the worker; that was against the law. This much had been foreseen when the law was drafted, and it was provided that the worker could get back the half of the Social Security tax he had paid himself, if he asked for it, using the proper forms. But he could not get back the half paid for his benefit by his employer. Neither could the employer. The money that he was required to pay to provide for his employee's old age was not used for that purpose, but he could not get it back.

The excess taxes taken in this way came to about $1\frac{1}{4}\%$ of the total collected for Social Security. In fourteen years the excess piled up to a total of \$250,000,000. Of this sum about \$50,000,000 was given back to workers who applied for it. This left the Social Security reserve fund in possession of \$200,000,000 which is not used — and by law cannot be used — for the benefit of the people on whose behalf it was paid. Since it is now too late for the workers to ask for refunds, and the employers never could ask for them, it looks like Social Security has the money for keeps.

STARTING on January 1, 1951, the law was changed to protect the worker against being cheated out of the half of his Social Security tax that is held out of his wages.

The excess no longer is paid over to the Social Security Administra-

tion, but is held by the Internal Revenue Bureau, and is credited to the worker as he files his income tax return. Since these Social Security overpayments are lumped together with income tax withholdings, there is no separate record of them. Revenue spokesmen say it is impossible to find out the exact amount. The spokesmen say this is true, also, of the excess collection from employers. But the rate of the previous fourteen years makes it evident that employers have been taken for at least \$100,000,000 since 1950.

So the loss to the people already comes to \$300,000,000.

Ever since the Social Security system was set up, it has kept books on every wage earner in covered employment. These books were posted from reports which showed the name of the worker, his Social Security Number, the amount of taxes paid for his account and the name of his employer, or employers.

In the normal course of business, the books would show the excess collections. They showed, also, how much, and who had paid the extra money.

While the over-collections from large employers must run to considerable amounts, it is of course true that many of the sums that make up the \$300,000,000 total are quite small.

Too small for the Government to bother with? Just try being a couple of dollars short on your income tax payment. You'll find out!

Academic Freedom

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER's precedent-shattering (or precedent-setting?) proposal to relieve Communies of their citizenship is stirring up again, among other things, the simmering question of academic freedom. It's said that if all the textbooks on Communism were stretched across the Atlantic, they'd sink, which would be a fine thing.

While the pot is bubbling over again, what about the direct beneficiaries of our academic policies — what do the scholars themselves think about it? Since no one asked a humdrum grad student like me about it, I'll ask myself, and answer my own question.

First let me sympathize with the Left-wingers in and out of our schools. They protest that they've become a pet whipping-boy, and get blamed for much evil that they don't do. Very true. It's just as true that thieves and other crooks get the blame for many crimes they don't commit. But no one defends the moral stature of criminals as a class just because they are blamed a bit more often than they are guilty. Likewise we needn't feel sorry for Reds who can't get around to com-

mitting *all* the skulduggery ascribed to them.

The above may be a poor analogy because I've compared Communists to criminals. In point of moral fact, Ike's proposal implies that Communists *are* criminals. As evidence, perhaps he will cite (if he hasn't already) the public oath subscribed to a few years ago by Communists in

America (equivalent versions were published abroad). It committed our fellow travelers, in any conflict between Russia and America, to forsake their homeland for the support of Russia.

The U.S. Constitution, in a most familiar passage, defines treason against the U.S. to consist "only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving aid and comfort to them." And may I submit that most of us who were previously slow to recognize Russia as an enemy are by now pink either with embarrassment or by political alignment. Still, an implication by me that Communists are criminals, when our law does not (as yet, anyway) so define them, would itself be criminal or at least libelous, in a dictatorship.

by

WILLIAM
KNOWLTON
VAUGHAN

from the **INSIDE**

However, one still might make such an assertion in America, I believe, on these grounds: in a dictatorship, national law purports to prescribe moral truth, which in turn controls the people. In democracy, we reverse the process; the people decide what is truth, and laws are formulated accordingly. Nevertheless my Communist friends (at least I used to have some) will likely accuse me of libel.

That reminds me of a crusade — one of many — they undertook at the University of California at Berkeley, where I spent my last two undergraduate years. This particular campus rumpus was directed against the sale in our University book store of children's stories like *Little Black Sambo* (who converted a tiger to butter by fancy footwork). A Marxist devotee rooming next to me assured me that this story was libel against the Negro race. I invited him to show me chapter and verse, but he didn't take me up; and the storm blew itself out. The Red's accusations carry little weight when originated upon that kind of thinking. But we "true-blue" Americans must be very warped in our *own* thinking, not to have recognized (at least when the above-mentioned Communist oath was

publicized) that being a Red was tantamount to giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S recognition of this may not be so far in advance of public opinion as may appear. Poor John Q. Public seldom gets a word in edgewise, with leftist minorities always shouting him down. In any argument, the wrong side is usually loudest. Berkeley's Red "hotbed" of students made a lot of zealous noise. Still, their frequent petitions, some of which were slightly more rational than the one demanding the hapless Sambo's banishment, never garnered more than 10% — usually less — of the student body's names. Only about 1% of the students were Party members at that time.

My sojourn at "Cal" (University of California at Berkeley) coincided with the big controversy over the proposed Loyalty Oath there. The Board of Regents proposed this extra oath in addition to the one already required of all California State employees. Their reason was that the existing oath was too weak to enforce by effective prosecution. So they proposed a simple, clear, and unequivocal statement of loyalty to State and Federal Governments

and avowal of past, present, and future abstinence from connection with any disloyal organization. And professors balked in droves.

However, it was an Oregon State institution of higher learning which became the first in the West to discharge a professor for adherence to the Communist Party. It was shown that he had taken an oath — as must all Reds — to promote and teach, not what *he* knew as truth, but what his *Party* dictated as truth. Thus fell, moaned the Reds and their dupes on our campus, the first “martyr” to Academic Freedom in America’s western frontier of freedom. (Meaning that for the first time a teacher who was proved to have prostituted his academic freedom was prohibited from teaching on that basis.)

Upon graduating from “Cal,” I spent the next two years in Australia. This was the time, ’50 to ’52, when a national election was proposed, to determine whether the Communist Party should be outlawed. The first step was a referendum vote in each of the seven states. Only one state — Queensland — voted in favor of putting the issue to a national ballot; so the measure died in the bud.

The campaign against this issue, sparked by the “Commo’s” (as they call them Down Under), featured the same propaganda line we hear in this country. The main plank in this platform is that if we ever outlaw the Party, that will drive it underground and be more of a help

than a hindrance to them. One question I’ve never obtained an answer to is: If outlawing the Party will *help* it, why does the Party itself lead the *opposition* to such proposals? Since when have the Marxist crowd been known for fighting legislation which they swear would be the best thing that could happen to them?

But the inconsistency of their argument doesn’t bother me so much as the success they have with that line. The trouble is, we have to think for ourselves; which recalls the old saw that about 90% of us would rather die than think. Our Constitution’s framers didn’t include specific directions to cover Commies, because at that time the latter hadn’t been invented yet. The best they could do for us was to formulate principles (such as the core principle above cited, defining treason) to guide us in handling just this *type* of problem.

AFTER studying in four universities and colleges, in three sections of our country, I believe many of our professors just don’t believe in the basic values of either the American way of life or religion — the two being largely synonymous. General Omar Bradley has said, “We have grasped the mystery of the atom and rejected the Sermon on the Mount . . . Ours is a world of nuclear giants and ethical infants.” Our academicians are as smart, literally, as the devil perhaps,

in books; but are inexperienced and unequipped to assume the position of moral leadership in life accorded them by those who hold them in awe.

A current college text in psychology says, "Materialistic values have proved hopelessly inadequate, and yet we seem unable to return to conventional religious values." (*Abnormal Psychology and Modern Life*, by James C. Coleman.)

In the next to last chapter, titled "The Prevention of Abnormal Behavior," we find: "Modern technology, in its tearing down of our older social and religious values, has not yet given rise to new values fully productive of human happiness. It becomes highly relevant to our search for preventive measures in mental hygiene, to consider some of the factors which now appear essential to an adequate philosophical adjustment."

Some of the values then listed "are accepted on faith, some are accepted in the light of our historical development, and some are well bolstered by experimental evidence. Our chief interest in them here is that the holding of them seems to be coexistent with mental health and social usefulness in those who share them."

Among those values listed are: "A belief in the importance and worth of every individual.

"A belief in the value of the 'truth' that we try to approximate by means of modern scientific tech-

niques, and in its usefulness for social progress.

"A belief that *democracy*, with its respect for the individual, provides the most congenial atmosphere for the *pursuit of truth*, and for the happiness and progress of both the individual and the group.

"A belief that brotherly love and other fundamental tenets of *Christianity* and other great religious philosophies are not only compatible with modern, democratic society but actually indispensable to it." (Italics mine.)

CAN YOU fit Communism — or an academic "freedom" that harbors Communism — into this picture? Compare this with the doctrine of *Capital, the Communist Manifesto and Other Writings of Karl Marx*: "During the conflict and right after the battle [the revolution] the workers must to the fullest extent possible work against the bourgeoisie [business people, small capitalists] measures of pacification, and compel the democrats [in Germany] to carry into action their present terroristic phases . . . Far from setting themselves against so-called excesses, examples of popular revenge against hated individuals or public buildings with only hateful memories attached to them, they must not only tolerate these examples but take in hand their very leadership."

Engels says in the Preface, dated January, 1888, that the nucleus of

the *Manifesto* originated with Marx; viz., the idea that "the whole history of mankind" (except primitive tribal society, which had communal property anyway) "has been a history of class struggles, contests between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes . . ."

Now about this brotherly love which our fellow travelers claim to base their formulae on. Their true attitude was unveiled, I think, by a young Australian school teacher whose acquaintance I made while Down Under. I would say he favored the Left, philosophically if not politically. As he put it, "I think I have a little more up here," tapping his head, "than the average person . . ." and therefore he considered it his duty to show the common people the way, and regulate their lives for their advantage.

This Aussie frankness I have found unmatched here at home; but I think our Leftists have the same basic idea. Admit it or not, they all think of themselves as the favored few who are to control the masses. It's lust for power, not love, that energizes them.

Come peer with me into the lore of our past. Once, it is said, a wise people dwelt on these shores. Their government was by the voice of the people. But pride arose; some demanded kingship and power. This element rallied their forces for an overthrow of the government. But a loyal general gathered 'round him

the supporters of freedom. The Monarchists, outnumbered, deserted their country to join forces with the surrounding savages who were continually attacking the whites. The young general, realizing that this defection to the enemy imperiled his country, marched to head off the deserters.

This he did (though the leader and a few escaped) and having been commissioned by the majority vote of his people, he exercised this authority by requiring the captive traitors to covenant to "support the cause of freedom, that they might maintain a free government." (Probably our first "loyalty oath.") Those who refused this oath "he caused to be put to death; and there were but few who denied the covenant of freedom." Here was a leader so simple and unsophisticated as to realize — and act upon — the truth that real freedom ("academic" or any other variety) includes freedom to do anything but destroy freedom, or otherwise infringe on the rights of others.

A scant five years later, the same issue split the nation, in the midst of their battles to defend themselves from the attacking savages. However, the matter was decided by a majority vote, the freemen defeating the high-born "kingmen." Just then the redskins began attacking in hordes. The disgruntled "kingmen" refused to join in the defense of their country. But the intrepid general "sent a petition, with the

voice of the people, unto the governor of the land, desiring that he should read it, and give him . . . power to compel those dissenters to defend their country or to put them to death . . . And . . . it was granted according to the voice of the people."

Whereupon the freemen's armies killed 4,000 of the dissenters, imprisoned others, and the remainder finally elected to bear arms in defense of their country. No, these chronicles aren't in our history primers; they are from a book that purports to be a history of ancient Americans before Columbus, the *Book of Mormon*.

WHO can be accused of greater moral decadence; a group who believe in and practice materialism, or one who profess a highly spiritual code, but *act* upon much the same materialistic principles? Aldous Huxley has pointed out that America — not Russia — may be accused of greater hypocrisy. While we give lip-service to a lofty moral code, we actually worship at the feet of our scientists, a majority of whom, in the field of psychology for instance, refuse to recognize or even study any phenomenon which they cannot see. Thus moral values are non-existent to the large Behaviorist school.

If you are not allergic to the Bible by now, Paul still has, for my money, the best measure of the learned Leftists: "For the wisdom

of this world is foolishness with God." (I Cor. 3:19.) Our school leaders who cry "Persecution!" and "Destruction of Academic Freedom!" at any attempt to protect that freedom are, I think, "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," as Paul described men in the last days (II Timothy 3:7).

Though a radical, loud-spoken Irishman, Patrick Henry, and his cohorts, staked their lives in winning liberty for us, we find it beneath our dignity to publicly pledge our loyalty to that freedom. Though they could pass on to us the gift of free agency, which I know as God's greatest gift to men on earth, they could not transmit the knowledge and courage necessary to use and protect it. In his last days, Patrick Henry said that even if he willed to his descendants all the material wealth in the world but left them without the Christian religion, they would be poor indeed.

Now I needn't end on a pessimistic note. Anthony Eden believes the U.S. is the only country in history that ever taxed itself in peace time to help foreign nations. Further I believe we are the first and only nation to send soldiers and supplies to the defenses of freedom in a nation halfway round the world, though we had no direct treaty or other obligation to do so.

If we can concentrate the same effort on putting our own house in order, we can advance out of the Red.



Mail-Order NAVAL BASES

BY WILLIAM BANCROFT MELLOR



NO ONE will ever know how badly the long-suffering American taxpayer was hit in the pocketbook during World War II because of the tremendous waste of unneeded military supplies shipped overseas and left to rot in tropical jungles or carried out to sea, still in the original cartons, and dumped overboard.

Mountains of such matériel, including costly electronic equipment which could have been used at other military bases, or at home, thus were disposed of for lack of storage facilities in foreign ports, or because it was deemed too expensive in money or cargo space to ship them back.

During the war, figures on the amount of matériel thus jettisoned were given the highest security classifications, and even today, it is impossible to learn from the armed services the total cost of this gigantic "throwaway" program.

But it won't happen again — at least as far as the Navy is concerned.

With an eye to the next global war, Admiral John Perry's Bureau of Yards and Docks, in Washington, has taken a cue from Sears, Roebuck — and outdone that huge mail-order house at its own game.

"BuDocks," as it is known within the Navy, has produced a super-catalogue from which, in the future, an area or theater commander — by using a single code word — can order an entire advanced base, complete down to the last cotter pin and with all the specialized personnel needed to operate and maintain it.

And his choice is a wide one, for the catalogue lists many different types of bases — from a big, general-purpose installation which includes shipyards, hospitals, air fields and full recreation facilities, down to the smallest weather station. Every sta-

tion listed is designed to meet a specific need and includes only the materials and equipment needed to meet that specific requirement.

If the theater commander requires a base capable of maintaining a large surface fleet in foreign waters — a facility which would be imperative if we were to go to war with Russia, for instance — he leafs through his catalogue until he comes to an OWL (which isn't the correct code word, incidentally).

From the description given in the catalogue, he learns that an OWL includes a ship repair yard capable of servicing all but the largest of aircraft carriers and battleships, an oil tank farm capable of keeping a fleet in operation for months, full communications facilities, harbor defenses, housing, and all other required facilities — together with a full complement of trained men to operate them.

Or let's say an admiral needs a shore station to service carrier-borne aircraft. He thumbs through his book until he comes to PETREL, which, he finds, will meet his needs exactly. The PETREL (which also isn't its correct name) includes a prefabricated airstrip of metal matting, hangars, fully equipped repair shops, power plants, early warning radar, a radio station, housing and mess facilities and, again, the necessary men.

By combining two or more of the types of advanced base units, the theater commander can provide al-

most any kind of an installation imaginable, and he can get it in a single package, ready-made, just as one would buy a prefabricated house.

They are all "built in U.S.A." and shipped, ready to put together at any point on the globe. And just as the makers of prefabricated homes send along crews especially trained in the techniques of putting them together speedily and efficiently, so too the Navy sends along Sea Bee units with the precise "know-how" needed to get the bases up and operating in a minimum of time. They travel with the material, and when the job is done, off they go to another building site.

BY THIS system of "prefabrication," the development of which began in World War II, the Navy is able to build in a matter of weeks the equivalent of a community the size of Annapolis, Maryland, complete with roads, light and power plants, water and sewage systems, housing and recreation facilities — and, of course, the military facilities around which all of those service functions were designed.

Although the Navy has attempted to provide a type of base to meet any conceivable need exactly, it has gone even further and made it possible for the theater commander to "tailor" the installation to his precise requirements, eliminating from the "package" such facilities as he will not need or adding others which he will require.

To make this possible, the Navy's engineers have further refined the catalogue by breaking down each standard advanced base unit — the OWL's, PETREL's, etc. — into the "functional components" which comprise them, that is, the radio stations, hospitals, and so on.

Each of these specialized "packages" is listed separately in the catalogue, along with the material and personnel that goes with each, and each is assigned a code number so it can be ordered independently.

Thus, if the theater commander finds he needs more radio facilities than are provided in the standard OWL, he orders one OWL plus one X2A, and the Navy transport vessels, in an amazingly short time, will deposit on the beach of his selection a knocked-down base which will precisely meet his requirements, no matter how exacting.

EVERY bureau in the Navy has had a hand in the construction — on paper — of these advanced base functional components. The Bureau of Ships (BuShips) and its civilian engineers, for instance, drew up the plans for each of the half-dozen different types of ship repair components listed.

The same bureau likewise designed, down to the last nut and bolt and receiving set, the many different kinds of radio, radar and weather stations listed.

In similar fashion, the Bureau of Aeronautics (BuAer) drew the blue-

prints for many different kinds of air facilities and arranged for the procurement of everything that goes into each.

The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts (BuSandA) supplied all the manuals, paper forms and the like which were required for each type of functional component; the Bureau of Personnel (BuPers) supplied the trained personnel, with exactly the right number of electricians' mates, yeomen and so on that were required to operate and maintain each of the functional components. And thus it went, right down the line, each technical bureau contributing according to its own specialty.

Although the physical materials required to put together each of these components have been built in limited quantities and are stored at assembly points throughout the United States, not many of these "packages" now exist except on paper.

But if war comes, the work of the Navy planners will be translated quickly into radio transmitters and sonobuoys, hospital cots and Nissen huts, floating dry docks and prefabricated airstrips.

And that forgotten man, the taxpayer — who has suffered, through two world wars, the terrific extravagance brought about by the old system of "shotgun" supply, the system which goes on the principle that we "give 'em everything we've got because maybe they'll find a use for it" — will get a well-deserved break.

SOUTH AFRICA'S LONELIEST SPOT

"HELL"

By R. M. Travers

CONSIDERING its small and scattered white population (less than three million distributed over an area twice that of France), South Africa is well to the fore in modern amenities, but it is a country of violent contrasts — contrasts in climate, scenery and living conditions. The settlement known as "Hell" is one of these violent contrasts.

Every day hundreds of travelers hurry across the Great Karroo on the journey between Johannesburg and Cape Town — in the air, skimming over the silken flatness of the new National Road, or enjoying the unexcelled comforts of South Africa's famous Blue Train. But, barely fifty miles from this busy thoroughfare, in the Swartberg Mountains, which stretch unbrokenly along the eastern horizon for a hundred miles, there are some eight souls living in



almost unbelievable isolation.

Their home is in a valley so securely tucked away from civilization that for months on end they have no contact whatever with the outside world. Their children grow up in surroundings so primitive that they never see a wheeled vehicle of any description.

The place is known as "Hell," not because of its excessive heat but because existence must be unbearable in so benighted a spot. Its real name is Gamkaskloof (a Hottentot-Afrikaans compound word meaning "Lion's Gorge"), but it has been so persistently called Hell that the name is recognized and even used on official survey maps.

The valley can only be reached by rough mountain paths at each end. The excessive cost of building any sort of road, the small, unambi-

tious community it would serve, and the poor prospect of improving their resources rule out any likelihood of improved access ever being provided. The path at one end is fourteen miles long and so steep in many places that it is known as "The Ladder." It leads to a traffickable road at a point more than thirty miles from the nearest civilized center — the little town of Prince Albert, which nestles under the mountains at the northern entrance to the road pass. Along these thirty-odd miles the country is so desolate that it cannot support any type of farming.

The other path, less difficult and only seven miles long, leads to the bed of the Gamka River midway along its sixteen-mile course through the mountains. This so-called river carries water only after heavy and continuous rains in the Karroo, which may last for a few days no more often than once in five years. At other times its course through the mountains is bone-dry, but the bed is so deeply sanded and so heavily rock-strewn as to make progress along it a matter of extreme difficulty for pedestrians or pack animals, and quite impossible for wheeled transport. Thus, although the river entrance is shorter and gives access either to Prince Albert or to another little town, Calitzdorp, near the southern exit, it is "The Ladder" which the farmers use on their excursions three or four times a year, when their donkeys are

loaded with the valley's crops of raisins, dried figs and peaches, returning from Prince Albert with what they need in clothing and other necessities.

THE known history of Gamkaskloof begins in the eighteenth century when it was occupied by a gang of Bushmen reputed to be stock thieves. Towards the close of the century they were ousted by a Hottentot clan under one David Kever, by whom the valley was named.

The existence of the green valley, so deeply hidden among the mountain folds, might have remained unknown to Europeans until the present century had it not been for David Kever's aggressiveness. During one of his pillaging expeditions along the southern mountain slopes, where there were already a few isolated settlers, he kidnapped the baby boy of a European family called Hartman. The child grew to manhood before he was seen and reclaimed by his fellows. When he learned to make himself understood, his amazing story spread to the Cape.

About this time — the early 1830's — there were continuous rumblings of discontent among the Boer farmers, who felt that too many cramping restrictions were being imposed by Sir George Napier, the Governor of Cape Colony. It was this stimulus of discontent which started the Great Trek, round which so

much of South Africa's inland story centers; but fully five years before the main body started its move northwards, Hartman's fabulous story of the hidden fertile valley had borne fruit. A small band of farmer families from the districts round the Cape had packed their wagons and set out in search of the hidden retreat. Although it was within the sphere of the Governor's control, they were sure its inaccessibility would free them from vexatious interference. So there, in the deathly quiet of Gamkaskloof, and welcomed by the starving remnants of the Hottentot clan, they built new homes.

The valley is visited at intervals of two or three years by small parties of outsiders with sufficient vigor and curiosity to penetrate it. Visitors invariably return with stimulating reports of the industry, hospitality, cleanliness and intelligence of the inhabitants. They have profited by their rare contacts with civilization during the last fifty years. They still speak Afrikaans with a noticeable drawl in keeping with the lack of hurry in everything they do, but the necessity to think and act and improvise for themselves has kept their wits sharpened.

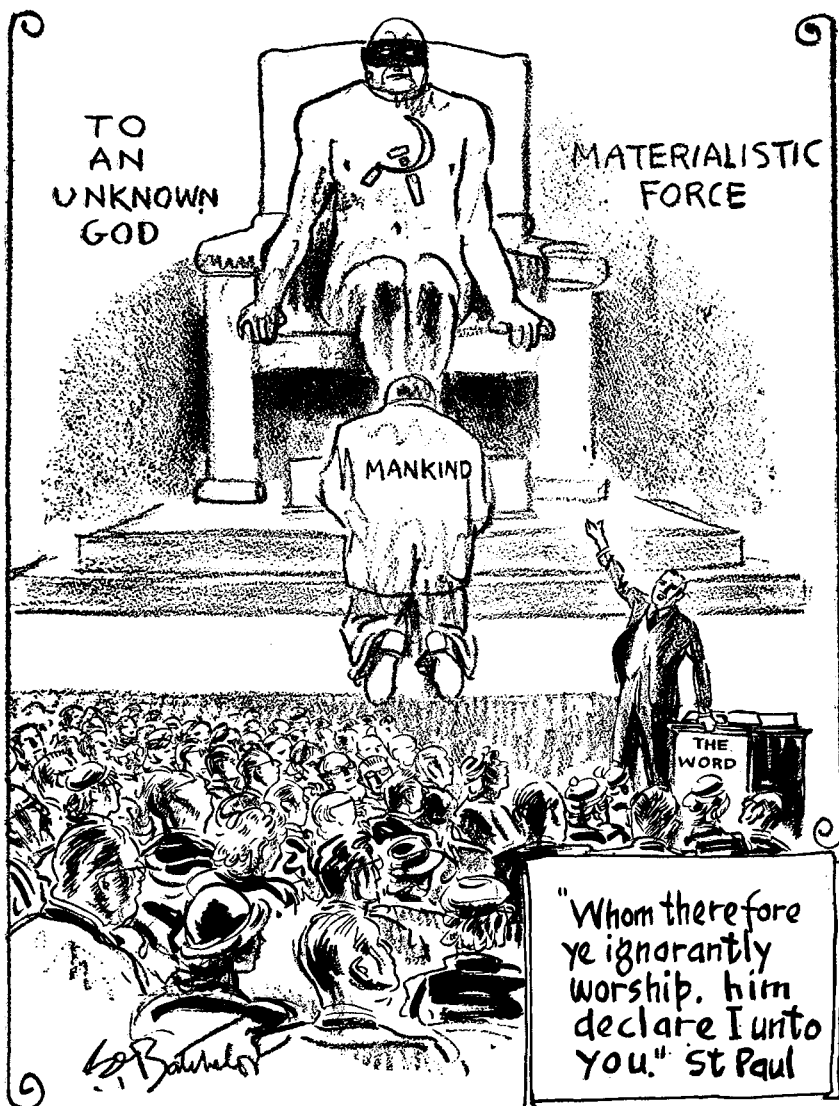
There has so far been little or no inbreeding. The original party included several different families and they have retained their identities through later generations. Today, the community of eighty is comprised of seventeen families and

there have been several importations of wives during the present century.

MORE than other factors, however, primary education, even though it has perforce been most disjointed, has helped to eliminate that "Wild Man of the West," which Colonel Deneys Reitz described in his book *Commando* at the beginning of the century. Up to that time, and indeed for another twenty years, it is doubtful whether succeeding generations had retained the capacity to spell out haltingly a few simple passages from the family Bible, always an indispensable possession in a Boer household. Then in 1921, the Dutch Reformed Church, deeply concerned about the spiritual and moral welfare of the little community, arranged for the opening of a school.

From its inception there have been, quite understandably, serious staffing difficulties. During recent years, the Provincial Education Department, with its far greater organized resources, has taken over the school, but despite its readiness to accept any uncertificated person of reasonable education, no outsider can be found who will endure transplantation to the valley for long enough to ensure some sort of continuity. The last six years, in fact, have seen seven different teachers, and on two occasions, one lasting a full quarter, the school has had to be closed.

C. D. BATCHELOR'S CARTOON





In the **MERCURY'S** **OPINION**

By Russell Maguire

THE OTHER DAY a boyishly handsome thirty-five-year-old evangelist returned to the United States from a European trip which history will record as one of the most important events, particularly in England, since Munich.

Reverend William Franklin Graham was practically obscure to the American religious groups five years ago. He certainly was unknown in Great Britain, where this year he scored the greatest religious triumph of the century.

Billy Graham sent the British back to their nearly empty churches. Sponsored by about a thousand Protestant churches of various sects, Graham drew the largest crowds in the religious history of England. He did not stop there. Through a "Follow-up System" he and his group are

making sure that those who answered his call will become active in the church of their choice.

Billy has returned to his beloved homeland to intensify his fight to save souls. Never was such a fight more desperately needed. Never were more Billy Grahams more badly needed. And never did the clergy of the Protestant churches in America have a greater opportunity than they have today.

In our country's all-out fight against Godless Communism, the leadership should and must be taken by the churches of our nation. It is their sacred responsibility. It is their duty and their opportunity.

In a nation confused and spiritually hungry, our churches have never had a greater call than today to bring the eternal truth to those who desperately want and need to hear it.

The remarkable success of Billy Graham is but one indication of the tremendous work and achievements which await our religious leaders.



A Mayor **IN EXILE**

BY HENRY OLIVER

ONE of the most contented of the many political exiles in the world today is a tall, husky, graying Irishman in Mexico City, who despite all of the troubles of his personal and public life, still has a way with him that could charm the honey from the bees.

He is, of course, William O'Dwyer, who literally lifted himself by his bootstraps from seaman to bartender to beat patrolman; to lawyer to judge to world-famed racket prosecutor; from Major to Brigadier General of the Air Force; and finally to what many regard as the second highest political post in the land, Mayor of the City of New York. And who, in a few stifling days before the television cameras, watched the fine record and reputation that he had built up crumble into ruins under the still-unproven charges of his political enemies.

Living in pleasant, self-imposed exile in Mexico City, O'Dwyer looks back philosophically over the ups and the downs of a career that was almost as fabulous in its sudden, breath-taking descent, as it was in

its slow but equally breath-taking ascent. At least he is as philosophical about it as an Irishman who feels that he was jobbed can ever be philosophical about anything.

O'Dwyer feels that he has much to be grateful for today. He has almost completely regained his health, both in body and in spirit. He is admired, respected and sincerely liked by Mexicans in all walks of life. He lives well, though not luxuriously, in one of the most pleasant cities in the world; earns a "fair" living representing U. S. corporations and financial interests in their negotiations with the Mexican government ("And I don't have to work my head off to do it," he adds). And he is supremely confident that, in the end, history will vindicate his record and clear his good name.

"Everybody who knows anything about American politics knows that I was jobbed," he says, dispassionately. "I was jobbed by a committee chairman who wanted to become President and a counsel who wanted to become Mayor of the City of New



York, and they both thought they could get what they wanted by climbing up over my political carcass. Neither one has offered any evidence to substantiate the charges they made against me, in the hearing of the whole nation."

Occasionally, though, a note of bitterness creeps into O'Dwyer's voice in spite of his obvious efforts to keep it out. On these occasions his voice thickens with the brogue of his native County Mayo, his lips tighten and his eyes flash again with the old fire of the young prosecutor who broke Murder, Inc., and who put the fear of God into the heart of more than one financially powerful contract chiseler, when he was investigating war frauds for the Air Force. He is bitter when he talks of some of his old political friends who turned against him when the chips went down.

"One day they were begging for the chance to kiss my foot," he says, his voice rich with contempt, "and the next they were throwing mud at me."

BUT O'Dwyer's greatest frustrations, in an otherwise pleasant and placid existence, do not stem from the Kefauver hearings, nor from the field day the tabloids made of his marital troubles. They are the result of having to sit helplessly on the sidelines and watch the steady deterioration of U.S.-Mexican relations, and the equally steady, though less obvious renaissance of Commu-

nist influence in the affairs of our neighboring Republic.

Both of these dangerous developments, O'Dwyer believes, are the direct results of negligence, blunders, and the total lack of understanding, by the United States Government.

"I'll tell you one thing you can do to improve U.S.-Mexican relations," he roared, in answer to a question from a young Congressman visiting in Mexico City, and you could almost scrape the peat from the tones of his voice.

"Go back to Washington and put a stop to this damned fool propaganda which is always telling these poor people how rich we are. They *know* we are rich. They *know* we live better than they do, that we have more food to put in our bellies, that our workers have automobiles and radios and television sets. But it doesn't make them love us any more for our government to keep reminding them of the fact seven days a week.

"If you want to do something for your country, and improve relations down here, go back and start a propaganda campaign to tell the people of the United States what fine people the Mexicans are."

And when Bill O'Dwyer talks about U.S.-Mexican relations, and about understanding the Mexican people, he speaks with unquestioned authority. Whatever the disputes may be over O'Dwyer's regime as Mayor of New York, there is one phase of his career which is beyond

all dispute. He was one of the most popular and most effective ambassadors that the United States ever sent to a Latin American Republic.

When O'Dwyer arrived in Mexico City, U.S. prestige was close to an all-time low, and sinking rapidly. But by the sheer force of his personality, and with precious little support from Washington, he reversed the trend within a matter of months, and by the time he resigned as ambassador, U.S.-Mexican relations were unquestionably at an all-time high.

O'Dwyer did not limit his contacts to Mexican officials and the diplomatic set. He visited every section of the country, addressing labor unions, business organizations, farm groups and church groups. He went to towns and villages that had never been visited by a U.S. ambassador. He rode in jeeps and on mule-back as often as in the sleek embassy car. Wherever he went, he talked to the people in their own tongue—he speaks fluent Spanish. And wherever he went, he made friends for the United States and for William O'Dwyer.

Even the professionals in the State Department in Washington concede that O'Dwyer was probably the best ambassador we ever sent to Mexico—although for a time some of them were highly distressed at his unorthodox methods. And therein lies a curious story, a story that is the source of continuous speculation and gossip among Mexico City's Ameri-

can colony and among all classes of Mexicans.

WHEN a former ambassador revisits the capital to which he had been assigned, it is a matter of simple, routine courtesy for the incumbent ambassador to invite him to the Embassy or the Residence for an informal exchange of views. When a former ambassador has achieved the record and the knowledge of the country and the people that Bill O'Dwyer achieved in Mexico; when he is freely available for informal consultation at any time; and when the advice and counsel he might give are as desperately needed as they are in Mexico today, it would seem just plain common sense for the Embassy and for the State Department to seek such informal consultations as frequently as possible.

Yet since the day he submitted his resignation, shortly after President Eisenhower entered the White House, O'Dwyer has been studiously ignored both by the State Department in Washington, and by the Embassy in Mexico City that he once so successfully headed.

It is obvious that O'Dwyer resents the snubbing. It is apparent to all Mexico that he is being snubbed. But it is also obvious, to anyone who talks to him, that O'Dwyer feels so keenly the seriousness of the situation in Mexico, and is so concerned at the sharp increase of Communist influence, that he would swallow any resentment he might feel, and

readily make available to the U.S. Government his knowledge, views and unofficial advice on the complex problems facing us south of the Rio Grande.

But he can do so only if he is asked to. Not even a man with O'Dwyer's scorn for protocol could, under the circumstances, volunteer his advice and opinions to his successor, unless they are requested. And thus far he has not even been invited to the Embassy.

IT is doubly galling to O'Dwyer to sit idly by and watch the government he once represented make blunder after blunder, widening the gap between two peoples whom he holds in deep affection, and at the same time, undoing one of the best jobs he ever did in his life.

And O'Dwyer's affection for the Mexican people is as deep and sincere as their affection for him. He cannot forget that when so many of his countrymen in the United States were quick to judge him on the basis of mere allegations, the people of Mexico demanded proof — proof which has never been forthcoming. Also, when O'Dwyer arrived in Mexico, many of his friends and at times, he, himself, thought he was a dying man.

At the time of the Kefauver hearings, he was close to complete physical and mental collapse. But in the soft, temperate climate of Mexico City, in the leisurely, courteous way of life there, he has almost com-

pletely regained his health. He looks younger and stronger today than when he was sworn in the first time, almost ten years ago, as Mayor of the City of New York.

He feels a great gratitude to the people and the country that befriended him in his trouble. He expects to spend his remaining years there, and has taken out Mexican citizenship, which he feels is his obligation. Nevertheless, he has not forgotten the land which gave to a poor, immigrant Irish lad, the opportunities to rise to one of the most important positions in the nation. Even though he feels that the rug was pulled from under his feet, he was high enough up when it happened that there was at least a distance to fall.

The question most frequently asked of Bill O'Dwyer by U.S. newsmen, and one he obviously finds irritating, is whether he intends to return to New York and face his accusers. O'Dwyer is fully aware of the whispers in New York that "he does not dare" to return, out of fear of arrest.

In the first place, under the extradition treaty between the U.S. and Mexico, O'Dwyer is no more invulnerable to arrest in Mexico City than he would be in New York. In the second place, he did return to the United States last winter, for a visit in Florida, and the newspapers duly recorded the fact. And in the third place, no official charges have ever been levied against him, merely

unsubstantiated allegations which he feels he answered fully during the Kefauver hearings. To simply engage in another public debate over these allegations, O'Dwyer believes, would only provide another opportunity for his enemies to make political capital at his expense. But the fact that no charges have ever been filed, and no evidence ever presented to prove the allegations, will eventually have its effect on public opinion, if it has not already done so, and he is firmly convinced that the good sense of the American public will vindicate him.

And finally, as much as his health has improved, he does not see the need of subjecting it to the test of another public pillorying.

O'DWYER, contrary to reports in some U.S. publications, leads a quiet life in Mexico City. That lavish villa, decorated by some internationally known decorator, is the figment of some writer's imagination. He resides in an attractive, but by no means luxurious, apartment in a downtown hotel, just off the Prado. His chief interests, aside from his

business and his friends, are the opera, the ballet, the symphony, and reading.

When reflecting over the vagaries of a colorful career — and few careers have been more colorful than that of Bill O'Dwyer, or more filled with vagaries — he gets considerable amusement from an article that recently appeared in a left-wing, rabidly anti-U.S. periodical in Mexico City, and which unconsciously paid him one of the finest tributes he has received in recent years. It was a scurrilous piece, mostly about his former wife. But the last sentence, roughly translated, read something like this:

"But O'Dwyer no longer occupies an official position in Mexico City, which is most fortunate, for when he was the U.S. Ambassador he used his great popularity to entice the Mexican government into a far too friendly relationship with our neighbor to the North."

And until O'Dwyer's old friends in the U.S. muster up the courage to speak out in public, that will do pretty well for an accolade, coming from a foe.



We rarely find a man who can say he has lived happy, and content with his life can retire from the world like a satisfied guest.

Horace (65-8 B.C.)
Satires



England's Tastiest Invasion



BY JERRY KLEIN



A SECOND Norman invasion of England is under way — and this time Britons can be happy about it. The modern invaders from France are frogs. And the *British Journal of Herpetology* notes that the frogs chose somewhat the same route across the Channel as did William the Conqueror.



Already, the cannibalistic French frogs are overpowering their smaller neighbors, much as the American gray squirrel vanquished the English red squirrel when it was introduced a century ago. The defeat may embarrass patriotic Britons who traditionally have sniffed at the French as frog-eaters. But it's a defeat that English gourmets applaud, because the skinny English frog's legs aren't fit to be fried, while the French variety is delicious.



Besides, there's an old English superstition that wherever frogs go, they bring good luck.



The sturdy French frogs now hopping their



way into England are descendants of those which used to abound in the marshes around Paris. As a matter of fact, France had so many frogs that three were placed on the coat of arms of the French kings, beginning with Clovis about the year 500. The three round shapes became more artistic as time passed and about the year 1200 they became the trefoil fleur-de-lis emblem of France that we recognize today.

Frogs have been on earth since before the dawn of history, yet man still is studying the little creatures' habits. Just recently, for instance, researchers at the University of Florida announced that frogs seem to sing in trio, rather than in duet or solo.

Frogs even helped the eighteenth century Italian physician, Luigi Galvani, to discover electric current. The story goes that it was Galvani's wife who first noticed how the leg of a frog jumps when it is touched by a bit of metal.

And yet today the thin, webbed foot of the frog is the only place where circulation of the blood can be demonstrated to young physicians without inflicting pain on the live animal.

Anthropologists say that one of man's greatest superiorities to lower anthropoids is that he can move his thumb in opposition to his other

fingers. But long before man appeared, frogs were opposing their fingers in order to hold onto the stems of water plants.

Their watery metamorphosis from a dot of jelly to a tadpole capable of regenerating its tail so impressed the ancients that they took the frog as a symbol of life itself. Both the Greeks and the Egyptians considered frogs to have supernatural powers. And the Romans thought you could cure toothaches by catching a frog, spitting in its mouth and telling it to carry your ache away.

Frogs still are considered godly by some Indian tribes along the Orinoco River in South America. These Indians keep frogs under pots and beseech them for rain during dry spells. Indians in British Columbia fear that to kill a frog will bring rain.

And when drought comes to central India, some castes carry frogs from door to door, singing "Lady frog must have her bath. O, rain-god, give her a little water."

In Britain's African protectorate, Bechuanaland, native warriors wear frog skins so that in battle they will prove just as slippery and hard to catch. But in Britain itself the emphasis today is all on catching hold of the hoppers. For French frogs' legs, fresh and succulent, are quite the nicest news since eggs came off rationing.



THE current Cold War has disclosed much about, and has testified to the manifold tasks exacted from, members of the Communist Parties. We have become familiar with the motivations of these regular Party members — from those who, moved by fanaticism, serve the Party by their own volition, to those who persevere in service by compunction, out of fear or for money. In rendering direct service to the Party, these people do espionage work, infiltrate and destroy democratic institutions, liquidate uncomfortable individuals and silence or discredit anti-Communist actions and anti-Communist work.

Little is known, however, of the way in which the Cominform impels outsiders to work for its cause; how it lures and corrupts them; how it abuses intellectuals who do not profess Marxism and who yet render, if unwittingly, invaluable service to the Party.

I came to know the ingenious or-

ganization of this service which sends its most capable agents to the West, there to carry out specific assignments. By virtue of personal experience, I can better understand the present phenomena that so often puzzle other people — for instance, why Pablo Picasso, the famous painter, heads the so-called

“peace movement,”

sponsored by the Communists, while at the same time his pupils in the Iron Curtain countries are liquidated and his work is labeled as the “prototype of depraved bourgeois art.” Or why Sartre, the French writer, until recently the target of every Bolshevik cultural disparagement, espe-

cially for his well-

known anti-Communist play “Red Gloves,” suddenly won the special protection of Malenkov and, again all of a sudden, writes and talks as if Ilya Ehrenburg were prompting him.

During the past war, while in the United States for the first time (as an official of the Czechoslovak Con-

The **SOUL** **TRADERS**

By
EGON
HOSTOVSKY

sulate in New York), two of my novels were published here in English translation. On this occasion, my attention was drawn to a literary colleague of mine, F. C. Weiskopf of Prague, the Sudeten-German writer. Our meeting was more or less accidental, but in due course we saw each other frequently. Yet it took me years to realize that F. C. Weiskopf was a man entrusted with a long-range task, namely, to win non-political intellectuals for Soviet and Communist interests.

Weiskopf was as fully aware of my small interest in matters political as of my chief preoccupation, belles lettres. He would never steer the conversation to politics and insofar as he did, he posed as a moderate leftist liberal. He had mastered six languages, was unobtrusive, well-liked, and had easy access everywhere, perhaps with the exception of Czech literary circles that saw the German in him. Weiskopf was always ready to help intellectuals, through his many contacts, whenever they wanted a job, needed a publisher, or merely craved an introduction to certain artistic circles.

When the war ended, everything seemed to point to a rather negligible interest in Weiskopf on the part of Czechoslovak Communists. He was the only intellectual whom the Prague coalition government failed to invite to come home directly following the armistice and, for a long time afterward, no privileges bestowed by Prague were in evidence.

IMMEDIATELY following the February putsch, however, Weiskopf's career rocketed vertiginously. He was named Deputy Ambassador in Washington, D.C., then Minister to Stockholm, then Ambassador to China. . . . In the end, sometime in 1951, he was recalled and disappeared. He will emerge again on the scene when the Party needs him, most likely again in the West, possibly in the role of the "disenchanted Communist." Only upon witnessing his amazing career, whereby he was compelled to show his hand, did I understand what a clever, capable, and dangerous agent Moscow had employed in him. Weiskopf and his like are remarkable for their susceptibility and skill in psychological maneuvers.

Theirs is the task of winning intellectuals for the Communist cause in the name of an ideal — other than the Communist ideal. For instance, in the name of justice.

In trying to determine what kind of intellectuals these "soul traders" wish to win in the first place, I may classify the prospective victims in seven groups:

1. Intellectuals who have suffered injustice at the hands of some democratic institution or personality;
2. Impractical naïve dreamers;
3. People who believe in their historic mission in either art or science;
4. People who loathe pseudo-political activities;

5. People who live in unhappy matrimony or have rather complicated sexual problems;
6. Alcoholics;
7. Snobs.

JUST what is the technique of these specific subversives? First, they watch their carefully selected victim for a long time; they come to his or her assistance or insinuate themselves in their respective company quite unobtrusively, using a variety of pretexts. These special emissaries have at their disposal the machinery of the Communist Party of the respective country (which, however, they make use of as little as possible), plus diverse Communist-infiltrated organizations, preferably humanitarian, cultural and non-political.

For example, a drama critic of average significance has a controversy with an important anti-Communist personality. In a jiffy the leftist and the liberal press will side with the critic; the affair will be bloated; the critic will become, overnight, an important man, a well-nigh martyr and a hero.

Or an unsuccessful Western writer who, say, cannot find a publisher in his native France is suddenly "discovered" in Holland, in Norway and in Belgium, and his work is brought out by publishers whom nobody would suspect of being Communists. The author, thus made famous, continues to receive the attention of various publishers, institutions, and personalities, and in this way be-

comes inured to the tasks which, as in psychoanalytic treatment, he must embrace "following his own decision."

The prospective victims are not accorded fame alone; given the need, they receive solicitude and love. The intellectual, disillusioned or betrayed in matrimony will meet, quite by chance, a woman who will restore his "faith in life." This utterly non-political woman will introduce him, again by pure accident, into a coterie from which it is but one step to invitations to trips to the Soviet Union or to countries of the "people's democracies."

The alcoholic will chance upon a wealthy co-reveler who will pay for his drinks, will find him a cushy job; there the victim will find, again quite casually, somebody who will extract from the alcohol-ridden scientist, painter, or poet a prettily worded statement, sponsoring the participation in a peace convention in Vienna, or a protest against the "barbarous" persecution of the Rosenbergs in the U.S.A.

At times the special emissaries pursue a different objective: they contrive that a blameless man make some compromising action, discrediting him in his own environment, which will prevent his return to his former friends or ideals.

The special emissaries from both Moscow and Czechoslovakia circled for a long time around Professor J. L. Hromadka, who taught divinity at Princeton. I knew this honorable

man well, first back home and later in the United States. His lodestars were T. G. Masaryk and F. M. Dostoevski. When Hromadka argued, it was to oppose the Communists. Philosophically, he took exception to modern society and it seemed to him that Western philosophers and theologians indulged in too many clichés that had, long before, lost their meaning. Hromadka longed for action.

I cannot say where he met the special emissaries for the first time, whether still in the United States or later in Prague. The fact remains that the "soul traders" succeeded in convincing him of his historic mission — and at that very moment he was in their clutches. He no longer took exception to modern society of the West — he now condemned it, lock, stock, and barrel. One day he awoke and found himself trapped beyond return. He became callous — against himself, the world, and God — and now is the chief herald of Bolshevik "peace," preaching at every market selling this novel commodity from Moscow.

ON A large scale, the case of Dr. Beneš, President of Czechoslovakia, offers a typical example of how well the Communists know the technique of ensnaring an intellectual with a guilt complex. The complex of Munich, a guilt complex, induced Benše to negotiate with Moscow even during the war. He returned to Prague via Moscow, in-

dulging in the illusion of power — and, from that point on, was lost.

Several years ago I had occasion to ascertain beyond any doubt that an aristocratic Scandinavian lady, the owner of several factories and a well-known hostess of literary gatherings on a grand scale, was in the service of the Czechoslovak Communist Ministry of the Interior. How did she come to assume such a function? Surely not for financial reward. She was bored. She admired Picasso. She dreamt of strong men and of adventures. She was the perfect snob in life and in all her predilections. The Communist emissaries did not fail to notice this. She was theirs before she could realize the kind of adventure she had stumbled into.

For many years, Ilya Ehrenburg acted as an exceptionally capable emissary of this kind. Surely it was no accident that almost every other agent in the field had met him personally. And since Ilya Ehrenburg has now been entrusted with forming a new People's Cultural Front in the West, a new high tide of special experts in soul trading may be expected in the capitals of Western countries.

The weapon against these tactics of the Communists practiced in the West lies not in opposing tactics. The fight afoot is one in which souls are at stake. Only spiritual weapons can triumph in this struggle. Only the education to moral fortitude, to valid beliefs and to ethical conscience can be of value and can do the trick.

Captain Menke's SCHOOL for ACTORS

BY RUTH LOUISE JOHNSON

CAPTAIN BILLY MENKE does not worry about atomic or hydrogen bombs. Nor is he concerned about retirement, forced or otherwise, although he is well beyond the customary age of retirement. He earns his living in a unique way, and his tranquillity comes from doing what he wants to do. Also, from giving other people what they want.



arrived to see the showboat, saying that they had read about it over there. Talking to Captain Menke, one of them said, "But you've been in the business so long, I expected to see an old man."

"How old did you expect me to be?" exclaimed Captain Billy. "I'm seventy-four."

For Captain Menke owns the showboat, "Goldenrod," the only showboat in America that plays regularly night after night, summer and winter. He presents the old-time melodramas, such as *The Drunkard*, *Jesse James*, *Woman Against Woman*, *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, and *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, and the public loves them. Last year, when he gave *Hamlet and the Yeggs*, it drew the largest crowds of all.

This showboat, anchored on the Mississippi River at St. Louis, is a great attraction for tourists, and its fame has spread to foreign countries. Recently four visitors from Scotland

Several nationally known actors began their careers with Menke's Showboat. There was Monte Blue, who played any part that was needed, even that of an off-stage bloodhound in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Red Skelton was one of Captain Menke's comedians for about two years, and Ted Mack was with the showboat for almost six months, later taking over Major Bowes' job on the radio "Amateur Hour." Autographed pictures of these people, as well as of many famous visitors, including Will Rogers and Gertrude Lawrence, line the walls of Captain Menke's stateroom office. Ben Lucien Burman, well known American writer, regards a visit to the Show-

boat a "must" on his trips to St. Louis, and no one enjoys it more.

Time was when Captain Menke and his floating theater sailed the rivers of midwestern America. Having always loved show business and the rivers, he and his brother, in 1901, built a gasoline launch, bought a motion picture projector and film, and traveled along the Ohio River. At Uniontown, Kentucky, they saw their first showboat and soon started working as advance men for it.

IN 1910 they bought a half interest in a showboat and toured the rivers until it sank. They kept on buying boats and at one time were operating three at once. At first they tried modern plays but they couldn't compete with the theaters. People would not come. Then they began the melodramas where the audiences could cheer the hero and hiss the villain, and everybody was happy, including Captain Billy Menke.

For years they played one-night stops, visiting fifteen states each year. In 1932, Captain Menke brought his boat to Musick's Ferry, north of St. Louis, where he stayed the whole season. While there, his troupe was engaged to play on the stage of the Fox Theater for four shows and they were a big success. They played before 20,000 people.

In 1937, Captain Menke brought the Goldenrod to St. Louis, and St. Louis took them to its heart. Visit-

ing the showboat is the swank thing to do.

When attending a performance you will notice a musty smell in the air as you walk down the slanting aisle to your seat. Don't pay too much attention to the seat number on your ticket, for someone else may be sitting there. Just pick out another seat and relax. The lights are too dim to see the seat numbers, anyway. You can hear the water outside, lapping against the boat. The flimsy, faded red curtain in front of the stage blows around fitfully.

Finally, a woman in a white wig comes through a little door under the stage, seats herself at the piano, and plays old-time music, beginning with "Here Comes the Showboat." Later, she will be the widow in the play. The actors all double in jobs, doing anything that needs to be done. Sometimes the leading man sells tickets before the show, or the leading lady gives a vocal solo between acts.

The footlights go on, the curtain opens, and the play begins. Sometimes the audience gets so noisy you can't hear some of the actors, but it doesn't matter. Everybody is having fun.

"I'll kill you," threatens the villain.

"Go ahead and kill him," shouts someone in the audience. "We can't hear him, anyway."

Yes, the Showboat is good training for an actor.

Letters to the Editor

» My nationality is British and I was born in China of missionary parents. After nearly twenty years of missionary service I was detained by the Communists for two years and three months and only reached Hong Kong a year ago at the end of March. You will understand therefore my interest in your magazine . . .

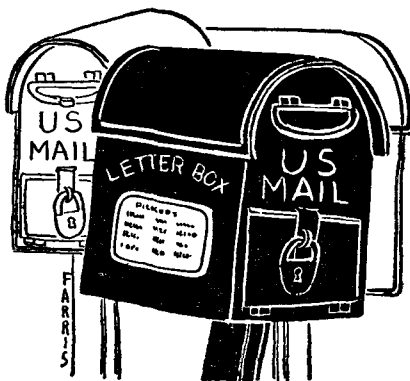
A. CLARENCE PREEDY
Glendale, California

» Regarding Harold Lord Varney's article, "Is the Republican Party Committing Suicide?" No! In my opinion it is being murdered, while Republicans stand by helplessly, wringing their hands, watching its death throes. If it finally succumbs, there will be only one party: the Communist Party. A lot of silly American dupes, who swallowed left-wing propaganda against Senator McCarthy, have only themselves and the White House gang to thank for the death of the Republican Party if it comes to pass.

EVVA S. TOMB
Toledo, Ohio

» I am not given to and do not feel qualified to assert myself via testimonials, but I would like you to know what I think of your magazine.

During my last year in college, in a public opinions course we were detailed to examine three magazines which our instructor had labelled "organs of extremist thinking" — namely, the *Nation*, *New Republic*, and yours. After completing the assignment I concurred



with the opinion of my professor so far as the first two are concerned.

Gentlemen, the "C" I received in that course was due largely to my vehement protest against his evaluation of the *MERCURY*. In my opinion the *AMERICAN MERCURY*, if "pro" anything, is pro-American. I enjoy reading it wholeheartedly and wish more people would. More power to you!

LEE PEDERSON
Chicago, Illinois

» If there were no other material in the *AMERICAN MERCURY* than the many revealing and factual articles on the Communist conspiracy against America, it would still serve a necessary and noble purpose.

GEO. C. SCHNITZER
Houston, Texas

» I have read the magnificent article by Rabbi Benjamin Schultz entitled

"Is Everybody Anti-Semitic?" with a great deal of interest. This is a story that needed telling, and in printing it you are rendering a great service to Americans.

May I add that the AMERICAN MERCURY is one of my favorite magazines and the reading of it from cover to cover is always a *must*.

GRACE PALM
Cincinnati, Ohio

» I have just read my first copy of your wonderful magazine. Here is my subscription for one year . . .

MRS. DEANE ARMSTRONG, RN
Los Angeles, California

» Am in a hurry, but not too much of a hurry to renew my subscription. Can't do without the AMERICAN MERCURY, and neither can America. The minute you start pulling in your horns on this Communism issue, however, then is when there will be a parting of the ways between you and *Americans*. Give 'em hell — and to whom it may be of interest: I like McCarthy's way of fighting — he knows how to give 'em hell too . . .

JOEL F. FITZPATRICK
Austin, Texas

» I am very glad to find so much material at hand in one easy-to-handle magazine, on the various phases of our Communist menace. I can circulate this to many people. J. B. Matthews' articles are most helpful to us back in the "hinterland."

CAROLYN GODREAU
Elsie, Michigan

» Please keep up your present candid and objective view of current topics,

and orchids to your fine staff of writers.

JOHN CALLAHAN
East Orange, New Jersey

» The article by Rabbi Benjamin Schultz in your respected publication is very timely. The Commies have exploited the understandable fear of the Jewish people of anti-Semitism, hatred and pogroms they have experienced under the Tsar in Russia and Hitler in Germany to the hilt. They have used it as a double-edged weapon, to smear every staunch defender of the American way as an anti-Semite and thus scare him away from opposing Communism . . . while posing as the only defenders of the Hebrew race in the whole world. . . . Using this false pretense they attempted to scare every Hebrew who openly opposed Communism as a traitor to his own race.

Rabbi Schultz has correctly expressed the thoughts I have had for the past twenty years. As a Hebrew, I am profoundly grateful to him for exposing these nefarious tactics, and to the AMERICAN MERCURY for publishing same.

WILLIAM H. VOLNER
Hollywood, California

» I have read "Sulzbergerism," by Chesly Manly, and though I know from past experience that you are in the habit of suppressing criticism, I cannot resist the urge to register my most vigorous protest. . . . What brings my indignation to the boiling point is your constant slandering of the liberals. It seems to me that you cannot or do not want to distinguish between Communists and liberals. . . .

J. M. MARTINEZ
Miami, Florida

Aggie de Castrer, she made me,
An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first 'un —
More like a mother she were —
Showed me the way to promotion and pay,
An' I learned about women from 'er.

— *Rudyard Kipling*



Promotion and Pay —

AIR FORCE STYLE

By James Andrew Mayer

THE WAYS of war have undergone considerable change since Kipling's British Tommy sang so eloquently of the talented Aggie. But even in these days of H-bombs, atomic artillery, super-super bombers, giant aircraft carriers and guided missiles, the personal interests of the men who direct the fighting are much the same as back in the days of Aggie, and undoubtedly not too different from those of the men who led Caesar's legions. When the roar of the guns fades to silence, and military men gather to shoot the breeze, sooner or later the conversation turns to the dominating interest of all professional soldiers, whether they fight on land, the sea or in the air — promotion and pay.

And when the officers of the two senior U.S. services, the Army and

the Navy, talk about promotion, the conversation inevitably turns to the Air Force, sometimes with eloquence that could rival Rudyard Kipling's. Ever since the early days of World War II, when grizzled Army majors and Navy lieutenant commanders turned apoplectic at the sight of beardless youngsters sporting pilot's wings and colonel's eagles, the promotion policies of the Air Force have been a touchy subject in the U.S. Armed Services.

And, although the rate of promotion in the air arm has slowed substantially since the days of the wartime build-up, scores of Navy captains and Army colonels complain with some bitterness and considerable justice of being constantly outranked on the joint service boards and committees by Air Force officers

who are years their junior in age, in service, and in permanent rating.

One Army major tells of serving on a board with an officer who had just entered West Point the year he graduated, and who now wears the two stars of a "temporary" Air Force major general. A Navy commander on a Pentagon committee is outranked by an Air Force "temporary" colonel, whom he met only a few months ago in his permanent rank of major. And since the highest-ranking officer automatically assumes chairmanship of joint committees, the Navy and the Army sense a sinister motive (which the Air Force heatedly denies) behind the Air Force practice of liberally handing out "temporary" rank to officers, two and sometimes three or four grades above their permanent rank.

A GLANCE at the current Air Force register shows seven major generals serving with the temporary rank and pay of full general, and eighteen, the rank of lieutenant general. Only two brigadiers have achieved the temporary rating of lieutenant general, but 54 have been temporarily boosted to major general. Of the 1,215 colonels in the Regular Air Force, 39 have been assigned the rank of major general, and more than 200, the star of brigadier. A quick glance down the roster of the 3,796 lieutenant colonels seems to indicate that nearly a third are wearing temporary eagles.

According to the report of the

House Armed Services Committee, there are more than 12,000 officers in the Regular Air Force who hold temporary rank (and pay) above their permanent grade. Of this number 1,400 hold two grades above their permanent rank; 96, three grades above; and 7, four grades above.

Moreover, there are 20,000 Air Force Reserve officers with temporary rank above their permanent rank, of which 576 have been jumped two grades and 11, three grades.

The Army, too, has passed out temporary rank, although on a comparatively less liberal scale. It has given temporary rank to 14,900 regular officers and 19,000 reserves; 2,100 regulars and 500 reserves were jumped two grades, and 75 regulars and 25 reserves were jumped three grades over permanent rank.

While the Navy has given temporary rank to several thousand regular and reserve officers, in all except a few cases it was awarded only during the interim while permanent promotions were being processed.

The Air Force and the Army both have cogent reasons for awarding temporary rank on such a free scale. They insist that the officers have been assigned duties and responsibilities in accordance with their temporary rank. They also argue that if these officers were given permanent promotions, and the size of the armed forces were to become curtailed again, a large percentage of

them would have to be automatically retired. But by giving them a temporary rank, if the force is reduced, the more competent officers can simply be dropped to their permanent grades, and be kept in the service.

THE use of temporary promotions by the Air Force and Army has been upheld in principle by Congress. In a bill recently passed fixing specific limits on the number of officers of the rank of major or higher in the Army and Air Force, and the rank of lieutenant commander or higher in the Navy, Congress made no distinction between those serving under "permanent" and "temporary" status. But the limits fixed do, in effect, restrict assignment of temporary rank, since only a specified number of officers can serve in each of the high grades, the number fluctuating according to the total number of commissioned officers in the service.

For instance, when the total number of commissioned officers in the Air Force is 50,000, the number of general officers is limited to 312, regardless of whether they are "permanent" or "temporary" generals. If the total commissioned officers is increased to 100,000 (approximately the present size), the number of generals is limited to 380. When the Navy's line officer strength is at 50,000, it is allowed a maximum of 228 line admirals; when the total of officers is 100,000, the number of

admirals permitted by law increases to 262. While the Air Force fares somewhat better than the Navy and Army in the limits fixed on officers of flag rank, the disparities are less marked in the case of captains and colonels, commanders and lieutenant colonels, lieutenant commanders and majors.

However, the Navy does not complain so much about the limits the new law fixes on flag officers as it does regarding the comparative youth and lack of service of high-ranking Air Force officers. It takes a Navy officer roughly 20 to 23 years, from the time he graduates from Annapolis, to make the rank of captain. A West Point graduate who stays in the Army usually waits about 25 years to make the equivalent rank of colonel. But hundreds of Air Force officers have been awarded colonel's eagles four or five years after they obtained their second-lieutenant's commission.

The gripes of the senior services can be pretty well illustrated by three officers who became quite friendly while attending a recent class of the National War College, a Navy captain, an Army colonel and an Air Force colonel. The captain graduated from Annapolis in 1931, the Army man from West Point in 1929, and the Air Force colonel from West Point in 1939. Yet all held identical rank, and drew comparable pay. On comparing notes they found that the Army officer obtained the rank of colonel January 1, 1952; the

captain his rank on June 1, 1952; and the Air Force officer's colonelcy dated from June 1, 1944.

Thus according to military protocol, the West Point graduate from the class of 1939, actually outranked his fellow West Pointer of the class of 1929 (ten years his senior in service) and the Naval Academy graduate of the class of 1931 (eight years his senior in service). It is something of a tribute to the philosophical attitude of the two elder officers that the three remained good friends.

Of course, the Air Force has a reasonable explanation for that one, too. It points out that the two rapid build-ups of the Air Force during the past 15 years necessitated the promotion of relatively inexperienced officers to top commands. The personnel problem of the Air Force today is almost the exact opposite of that of the Army and Navy. The two older services have difficulty in

obtaining and keeping competent officers in the junior grades, and of finding command vacancies in the higher grades into which the competent older officers can be promoted. In the Air Force, however, there is even now a shortage of seasoned officers to fill top commands — hence the rapid promotions and the assignment of temporary rank to officers two or three grades above their permanent rank.

But all of the explanations in the world fail to appease the wrath of the man who spent 21 years winning his captaincy in the Navy, but now finds himself constantly outranked by Air Force colleagues who, in service, are eight to ten years his junior.

"The way to promotion and pay in the armed services these days," an Army major advised his young son, glumly, "is to go to West Point and then join the Air Force."



O, good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

As You Like It, Act II



Those Feathered Hitchhikers

By JAMES E. LAWRENCE

ORDINARILY, it would appear that birds might never have occasion or need to indulge in hitchhiking. Most feathered folk are finicky and wary, hardly good prospects for a pick-up. But such are the incredible qualities of birds that even the taking of free rides has its place in their world.

Some birds will actually tempt fate in this manner, like the Egyptian plover, one of the most daring of feathered hitchhikers. Also called the crocodile bird, this defenseless little creature sets itself down on the backs of crocodiles to search for insects and other parasites. At times it may venture into the giant reptile's mouth to catch flies. Some naturalists say the crocodile recognizes and appreciates the bird's services. Certain species of white egrets also render the crocodile similar services, but

not quite with the same air of familiarity as the plover.

Whatever it is that constitutes the soothing charm of a pickaback bird, it likewise affects one of the world's most ferocious land beasts. For even the irascible rhinoceros is not without winged attendants. The animal provides transportation and fare for a starling-like bird known widely as an ox-pecker because it frequents the backs of African cattle. The bird finds the rhino's back an ideal source of bots and ticks.

Elephants, too, provide birds with shuttle service and furnish food along the way. Egrets are especially fond of alighting on the heads and backs of these huge beasts, darting off to snatch up insects flushed as the brush is beaten down. Other animals known for their associations with bird hitchhikers are camels, water

buffaloes, and tapirs. But domestic stock and other range animals are particularly popular with these free riders.

In this country the cowbird, a familiar backyard resident in many communities, was once an important attendant of the wild buffalo. The naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, said the bird haunted the buffalo like a Mississippi riverman did his rafthouse, "sometimes on it, sometimes on the nearest land, but always moving when it moves, and recognizing it as headquarters." As an example of the cowbird's tenacity, Seton tells about one that survived a grueling Canadian winter by warming itself on a bison's back by day and sleeping in a hollow in the animal's hair.

Lewis and Clark dubbed this hitchhiker the buffalo-pecker, and early Western settlers called it the prairie blackbird. They noted that it was forever stealing rides not only on the backs of buffaloes, but on horses and mules and even on the backs of the plainsmen themselves.

BUT TODAY cowbirds and their relatives, such as Brewer's blackbird and the boat-tailed grackle, are still hitching rides, resorting to domestic stock now that the buffalo is gone. Like the Egyptian plover and the African ox-pecker, these birds use the backs of other creatures for their own welfare. In this way they are able to find edible body parasites and capture the insects attracted to

the grazing animal, or provided as it moves along. But not to be discouraged by the lack of suitable backs out on the range, the cowbird often perches on elands, yaks, and other tenants of zoological gardens for the food these animals may provide. And in the South, snowy egrets and little blue herons occasionally attach themselves to roaming hogs for the same reason.

The ani, another cattle hitchhiker, is a bird of tropical America found so frequently around domestic stock that it has earned the name of tickbird. But one of the boldest of pickabacks is the short-winged tyrant flycatcher of Argentina. A relative of this bird, the fire-crowned tyrant of Brazil, is not nearly so brazen, restricting its rides to the marsh deer, a timid and elusive animal.

Although the old adage states that birds of a feather flock together, it does not always hold true among feathered hitchhikers. Well known, of course, is the fact that the young of grebes, loons, swans, and other water birds are often paddled about on their parents' backs as a means of protection. But there are also instances of adult birds taking rides on those of entirely another feather.

For one, the African ox-pecker — the rhino's friend — is not above riding birds of another flock. It often uses the backs of bustards and ostriches from which to scan the air for food. The rosy bee-eater of East Africa is a bit more discriminating,

since it associates itself almost exclusively with the crested bustard. This small bee-eater uses the turkey-sized bustard as a vantage point for capturing insects. And white storks are the bases used by the Abyssinia flycatcher for pursuing its food of gnats and flies. In each of these instances the host bird only carries its rider over the ground, not in the air.

Cases of birds transporting one another while in flight are more unusual and not too well documented. The kingbird, found in rural surroundings, might well be considered an exception, however. This aggressive flycatcher, a little smaller than a robin, pounces on the heads and backs of much larger birds and rides them out of its territory, all the while screaming defiantly and pecking away at the intruder. Neither crows, hawks, vultures, nor eagles are exempt from these attacks.

IN ADDITION to the kingbird's antics are the accounts of reputable sportsmen who insist that geese and

cranes will sometimes pickaback wounded flock members through the air. One such story, related by a New England sportsman, George H. Mackay, has been recorded in an eminent ornithological journal. Mackay reports seeing a sandhill crane near Madelia, Minnesota, help an injured friend escape from a party of gunners by coming under the low-flying, wounded bird and carrying it to safety.

The Crow Indians of Montana believe that the sandhill crane also provides passenger service during migration periods for a grebe, which they call the craneback. A similar story is related by the Cree Indians of Manitoba concerning the whooping crane and the grebe. They also contend that Hutchin's goose pickabacks the Lapland longspur when migrating.

But mere joy riding is not the motive of birds. It is all part of a scheme these amazing feathered hitchhikers have developed to insure their own survival.



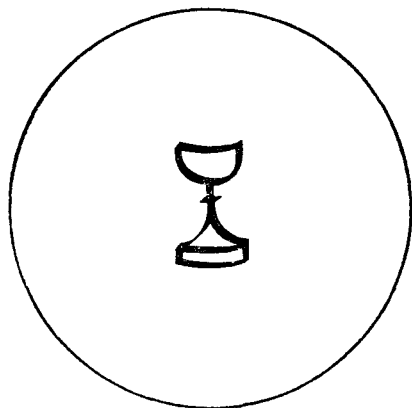
You must not know too much, or be too precise or scientific about birds and trees and flowers and water-craft; a certain free margin, and even vagueness — perhaps ignorance, credulity — helps your enjoyment of these things.

WALT WHITMAN

The Outside of the Cup

by

HOLMES ALEXANDER



LIFE, I know, is never going to be the same. No golden glow fringed with silver hue swims before my mind's eye as I walk homeward at the end of the day. No merry tinkle as if of elfin sleighbells will greet my ear as I enter the front door. My wife will not bustle, nor the children hustle, to spread before this household god his twilight ritual and libation. I am, to be brief about it, a non-problem and domesticated drinker who has looked his last into the beaded cup.

Shall I say that I do not miss the rich-hued goblet, topped with high-ball ice or gleaming with cocktail frost? Is it true that the sweet music of shaken ice cubes has no further lure for me? Have I found a better way to relax after the hours of toil? Does my system cringe from the shock of going straight into dinner without some two to ten ounces of transitional hooch to smooth the way?

The temptation, of course, is to answer the soul-searching questionnaire in a manner to reflect both credit and credibility upon myself. But the truth is that I was more acted upon than acting in my separation from the bottle, and thus deserve small praise. It's also true that the facts of my decision, while not unbelievable, are not glib either, for they take a little telling. A cover-all answer to the above-cited quiz would be that between one day and the next I found I had lost a 26-year habit of almost daily cocktail taking. My wife still has an occasional drink. There are bottles of whiskey, gin, wine and beer in cupboards upstairs and down. When we have company, I'm the barkeeper. But the propinquity, the sight, the aroma, the memory of liquor neither offend nor entice me. My long and not unpleasant attachment to the bottle is like a gay and unregretted love affair turned cold.

Mind you, I am not writing here as a man who's merely gone on the wagon or sworn off in a fit of evangelism or remorse. I have been through those experiences, too, and they're no good.

Some years back, when a better Episcopalian than I am now, I gave up liquor for Lent. Now as every churchman knows, there are 40 days in Lent, not counting Sundays. Well, Sunday begins at Saturday midnight, and during the Lenten season it's where I began too. If the witching hour struck during a party, every true friend of mine of both sexes would rush up by pre-arrangement to minister to my worked-up thirst and to cheer me on in making up for lost time.

Sometimes the midnight chimes would sound while my wife and I were homeward bound from a late theater, or quietly reading, or snug in bed. No matter! At Saturday midnight I stood on my ecclesiastical rights to have a drink or more.

THEN there was the time of a belated and ill-advised effort to stage an athletic comeback at 40-plus. I dried out for several weeks and tried without success to win a silver sports-trophy which I had won twice in years gone by. That evening I broke training while thousands (as it seemed) cheered. Some of them were kind enough to keep reminding me that I was due to make a radio

broadcast and had better slow down. Shortly before time to go on the air, I slipped outside to my car with a few chuckling friends and heard my voice come through, pontifical and sober. I had so carefully planned my training break that I'd gone to the studio ahead of time and made a recording.



On other occasions, I have decided that whiskey didn't agree with me and that I would stick henceforth to gin, or vice versa. I have tried to take off weight by passing up cocktails in favor of straight drinks. I have attempted to stop drinking before dinner by having wine on the table; have attempted to avoid hangovers by not drinking till after dinner; have attempted to limit myself by taking one coffee-colored highball instead of several light ones; have attempted to blot the whiskey with food and drown it with ice and water.

The record should be fully stated. I know all the tricks of partial drinking and every dodge that's ever been tried by the swearer-offer, the cutter-downer, and the dryer-outer. I know all the arguments about the benefits of alcohol as a tension-breaker and an ulcer-preventive. I know all those men who know all those doctors who prescribe liquor as a medicine for brain fag and anno domini. I realize that there's nothing wrong with social drinking and that I am one of the lucky ones who can take the stuff or leave it alone. I

have never missed a day's work because of alcohol nor been to a psychiatrist, nor taken any sort of medical cure for it. Yet I woke up one morning and found myself a teetotaler.

Why am I so sure? What makes me so confident that this time is any different from the other times when I stopped — or at least hesitated — along the cheery way?

WELL, this is the point at which the story begins to take a bit of telling. It becomes subjective, although certainly not untypical of my generation. I made what must always be the personal discovery of learning how to do without liquor, but I did so against the social and historical background of our times. I am sure that an inner awareness of this background, along with a layman's knowledge of basic psychology, were very important factors in my liberation. The various brute force methods of breaking the cocktail habit simply do not work for a healthy, gregarious hooch-hister with no threat of alcoholism as a persuader.

The way to become a non-drinker is not by an act of will but by a state of mind.

As I look back now, it almost seems that I started to stop drinking at the same time I began. The strange old story of "do" and "don't," of compulsion and repression, runs through the whole history of American drinking.

Not many self-styled sophisticates

will accept the proposition at first. Neither did I accept it until I did some introspective digging into the subject. The Puritan strain is in us, whether we like it or not. No matter how we try to laugh it off or explain it away, we did go through the very complex business of writing that naughty-naughty amendment into our mighty Constitution, putting Prohibition on exactly the same level of importance as the Bill of Rights.

Every man will find, I suspect, that his early life contains pro and con influences concerning the liquor habit and that these influences have become grist to the subconscious mill. Myself, I grew up in the hard-drinking hunting shires of Maryland, attended Princeton in the late 1920's amid the realities of Prohibition and the ivied memories of Scott Fitzgerald. Later I lived happily in the country club set back home and served abroad with the Air Force. At this writing, I am a Washington reporter with offices in the National Press Building where the daily flow of liquor would float a baby aircraft carrier. In round figures, I suppose I could call myself a man of 30,000 drinks in the period 1927-53. For the purposes of this self-scrutiny, I remember only two of them.

One was the first drink I ever had, and the other was the first drink I permanently turned down. One was poured for me by my father in the dining room at home, in celebration of my 21st birthday.

The other was shaken off in the bar room of a hotel at Caracas, Venezuela, where I sat with three other reporters. The four of us were hard at the business of expounding our views and picking each other's brains concerning this strange country, when the waiter barged in. My three cronies gave their orders briskly, and I shook my head in the same decisive fashion, while we plunged back into our interrupted conversation. There was no struggle on my part. But when I heard myself say "No, thanks," to the waiter, I knew it was for keeps.

Only then, when the whole problem was resolved and set behind me, did I realize that all these years I'd been lugging about a built-in guilt complex about drinking. True, I was not a sneaky or a secret imbibor. My parents were aware that I took all I wanted, when I wanted. My college dean, that wonderful human being, Christian Gauss, had a declared policy even during Prohibition of never disciplining a student caught "drinking like a gentleman." Virtually every house I visited, every party I attended both as a bachelor and family man, offered hospitality and entertainment which were based on the axiomatic assumption that "everybody" likes to drink. Superficially, it seems absurd to find that a social drinker in such an environment would ever feel a qualm.

Yet I know now that the self-censure was always present in me and many of my pals, even though

we shouted it down amid scenes of jollity and trappings of madcap *sans souci*.

The only reason I didn't drink till 21 was because my father had got me to promise not to. The very fact that such a pledge was demanded and bestowed is evidence that liquor and wickedness were not totally disassociated in our minds. From the time I came of age, there was always liquor in my home. But this indicated the good sportsmanship of my parents rather than their approval.

AT COLLEGE and in the years just after, the stuff was useful and welcome because I happened to be shy (as who of those tender years is not?) among elders, strangers and girls. It made everything so much more fun to feel the tingling self-assurance of a couple of swigs. Not only among people, but among imposing ideas, my tongue wagged easier and my brain ranged wider when there was an upright bottle on the table. How many times I have heard it decided in well-lubricated bull sessions that Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Mencken were right, or that there is positively no life-after-death!

There is no doubt that much maturity, masculinity, philosophy and love-making were expedited and enhanced by the liquor I took in those early years. But what man or race horse was ever improved by stimulation? Merely to run faster

at a given moment may accomplish its limited purpose. But the stimulee is poorer in self-esteem and self-reliance, even though he doesn't show or feel it at the time.

Liquor belongs to a man's youth, if it belongs anywhere. The needs for growing up, the marvelous recoverability of the young body, the association with late hours, bright lights and fierce passions can all be numbered among the benefits, real or imagined, of intoxicants. In middle age these needs diminish; the penalties increase. Almost everything which cries out for liquor at 25 will wag a warning finger against it at 45 — the digestive tract, the amorous instincts, the conventionalities, the search for philosophic truth and the inborn desire of us all for peace and harmony.

The last-named factor — our middle-aged yearnings for harmonious living — is surely what counts the most. Liquor, which upsets the harmony of mind and body, comes to be recognized as an aggressor, as a war-maker, against our inner sense of peace. In middle-age, our subconscious sets up a resistance movement against this provocateur.

So, at least, it was with me; and I know now that my experience is typical of a widening segment of my contemporaries.

WHEN I returned home from Caracas, I found that the same shyness which had driven me to drink made it momentarily hard for

me to break off. I was bashful about saying no, and what's more I found it difficult to make old friends believe me when I did say it. The very first hostess whom I encountered upon return peeled off into merry laughter when I declined a drink. She led me personally to a punch bowl which she commanded me to "christen." In such a case, there is nothing to do but fake a drink or take a ceremonial sip rather than make a scene or hurt a good friend's feelings. But the miracle is — or was with me — that even such excitation of sensory memories does not revive the old desire or weaken the will.

Moreover, such awkward moments are progressively infrequent. Word soon gets around when an established roisterer has taken the veil. After the first few experiences with the arm-twisters and the unbelievers, I found that my decision was accepted, respected and — this above all — it was envied.

For that was the final lesson I learned in this subjective adventure of mine. I discovered in teetotalism not so much a break with my past as a trend which I was taking along with my generation of the Volstead vintage. Boys and girls together, these former flask-toters and prom-trotters who had not stopped drinking, were planning to do so, or wishing they knew how.

I am, heaven knows, in no position to tell them how. But I suspect that a normal drinker who wants to quit is well along the way to doing so.

LEGALIZED | BLACKMAIL

I N EARNESTLY trying to find ways to speed civil trials through courts that are jammed beyond hope, a Pandora's box of legal mischief has been unlocked. From it have sprung devices whereby an unscrupulous lawyer can make it too expensive, or too humiliating, for a person to go to court against the lawyer's client.

The simple concept of justice is altogether lost in the dust of this legalistic swirl. It is called "examination before trial."

In essence it is part of the general scheme of pre-trial procedures which many earnest lawyers have striven for as a means of speeding, not hampering, justice. Roughly there are two major divisions of pre-trial procedure. One, which has drawn the praise of such distinguished jurists as Judge Vanderbilt, is the straightforward "pre-trial."

In this, the disputants meet, *with* the judge, before a legal salvo ever is fired in the courtroom itself. Together all parties discuss the case — what the complaint is, what the defense is, what the possibilities are. In an astounding number of cases, it turns out that there really isn't any

courtroom case at all — just honest gripes, easily solved in reasonable discussion.

Recent records of the Massachusetts Su-

perior Court, for instance, show that only 13% of more than 23,000 cases in one year ever got to actual trial. Michigan Circuit Courts tried only 17% of nearly 50,000 cases in a year. Only about 10% of all cases that go into United States courts ever get to the actual trial stage! Pre-trial discussions with the judge can be, and are, a major factor in this avoidance of costly litigation.

But then there is the other side of the picture, the malignly abused "examination before trial." In this procedure, it is not a question of sitting down with a fair-minded judge for an equitable discussion of issues. Not at all. This is a legalistic free-for-all in which few holds are barred, quarter is seldom asked or given, and where morality often is sent scuttling back to the dim recesses of the stacks in the law library. Here only a semi-legal law of the jungle prevails.

This is how it works. It starts, of course, before actual trial procedure begins in civil cases, particularly be-

By Karl Hess

fore Federal courts, but also in an increasing number of others. The opposing attorneys have the almost unlimited right at this point, and under this process, to ask and get answers of an incredibly broad nature from the other side. The thin legal excuse for this is that both sides thus will be amply prepared with material for the actual trial, so that time will not have to be wasted then in getting the information. Fair enough, on the surface.

ACTUALLY, though, the rules are so loose that in a civil case an attorney might suddenly decide to start asking questions about the home-life of the opponent. How about that little blonde number at the Hotel Ritz on such-and-such a date? And so on. Of course, it *might* be relevant to the case. But chances are it is totally irrelevant. Its only purpose is to discourage a continuation of the trial. It is legalized blackmail. For, when the matter actually gets into court, and if the judge should accept the pre-trial discussions, it all becomes a matter of public record and the tabloids presumably can go to town on it. One certainly would think twice about that. In fact, he'd probably just dig down and settle up whether right or not.

It can be much simpler than that. By endless questioning, with the questions roaming all over the lot, a wily attorney can keep this examination before trial going for weeks or even months. If his client can afford

it — stenographic records, time, etc. — well and good. But maybe the opponent can't. So he quits. Sheer economic exhaustion is the goal in this case. Again, legalized blackmail of a direct sort. And the poor fellow, despite provisions that a judge can limit the scope of the examination, might have to go to twice as much trouble to prove that the questions are irrelevant.

To show how completely harum-scarum these examinations can be, the only limitation on where and when and before whom they may be held is that in some cases at least a notary public must be present.

The general effect of this practice, as the columnist Westbrook Pegler once observed, is to grant "impunity to smear and harass." Harry Nims, the great New York attorney, says that unhappily the opportunities for abuse of the examination before trial are patent and evident, for a very tragic reason: "Too few attorneys today permit their morals to interfere with their fees."

The examination procedure, of course, is a solid gold fee-fattener if there ever was one. Nims does, however, point out that the situation presents a knotty problem. If there were no procedure for examination before trial, it is quite true that attorneys might waste many precious hours and days in the courtroom probing what could and should have been done earlier. Lack of the right to know full facts (pertinent facts!) about the opposing side

in litigation also can, Nims points out, mean "a trial by ambush."

Perhaps, some attorneys speculate, the closer attention of judges to the examinations before trial, and the closer attention of attorneys to their rights to limit the scope of the questionings, will solve the problem. Others, however, ruefully suspect that few lawyers want to kill this golden, time-and-fee consuming goose and that until all pre-trial procedure is strictly supervised, the abuses will continue. And when can they be strictly supervised? Probably only when the courts are no longer snowed under by a volume of demand that has dangerously dwarfed supply.

Even so, and even under ideal conditions, dangers can lurk in this practice. Take, for instance, the part of the procedure involving "discovery." This is like examination before trial as applied to documents and records rather than to persons. Companies opposing one another in a lawsuit, for instance, may feel, and perhaps rightfully so, that they need to know something of the opposition's business record in order logically to conduct their offense or defense. The courts say this is okay. Sometimes it is. But who can spot the motives behind these things? Who can say that the questing company is seeking relevant data or simply attempting to run up the bills of the opposition?

HERE is an example. In a case now on a court docket in the

East (where the abuses seem largely confined) a small manufacturer is the defendant and a large corporation, the plaintiff. Under the procedure of discovery, at one point the plaintiff asked for a certain business record item from the small company. Rather than have the big corporation see all of its records, as it would if its people searched for the item, the defendant's limited staff started sifting its own records.

So far, more than 167,000 pieces of business correspondence have been personally read by one of the company executives simply to answer this one question — and with no actual assurance that the question is or will be relevant to the actual trial. Now, the question is simply this. Was the question altogether sincere? Or was it prompted by a desire to harass the small company?

In this case there is a clue. The big company has let it be known that its real purpose in the suit in the first place is to run the little fellow out of business, not just to win a lawsuit. And the records of the small company clearly show, already, that the cost of the procedures *before* the trial alone would have forced the usual company of the same size into bankruptcy. It's only random fortune that this company is better heeled.

In another case, thanks largely to these examinations and discoveries before trial — and *not* the before-a-judge pre-trial procedure — two partners of a dissolved unit brought

a suit against the third partner to recover some \$11,000. The case started in November, 1939. By March, 1942, the plaintiffs were getting around to demanding a peek at the records and documents. The war called one of the parties away for a while. By 1947, everybody seemed sick enough of the whole thing to want to chuck it. In 1948, it was back on again. After just about nine years, it finally got to trial.

The 3,000-plus pages of records in the procedure alone represented a goodly portion, in value, of the entire disputed amount. Yet, despite the recourse to the right to poke around among the opponent's records, there was no reported instance of the court or the attorneys availing themselves of the part of pre-trial procedure which might have helped — the informal sessions in the judge's chambers. Instead, it seemed, just the time-wasting, patience-trying, harassments were wanted.

HOWEVER, there are sound legal voices raised in full defense of the practices. And, except for one briefly blistering attack by Pegler, there has been precious little newspaper comment or reportorial objection. One reason might well be that as a defense against libel suits, the threat to drag a plaintiff's entire life through the grinder of examination before trial is tailor-made.

Nevertheless, it is not difficult to make up one's own mind as to whether these things do more harm

than good. Sound legal minds have arrayed the virtues and the abuses. You can weigh them. Here they are:

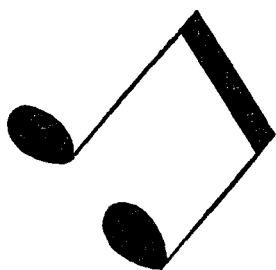
Pro: It prevents surprise at the trial, permits both sides to get facts when fresh, uncovers evidence that might be overlooked, clarifies the issues, preserves testimony, makes it difficult for witnesses to change stories or fabricate, shortens the eventual trial, causes attorneys to give ample advance thought to the case.

Con: It is burdensome by compelling needless production of records, becomes an inquisition, places a penalty upon the conscientious attorney when it permits a lazy opponent to use his files, permits fishing expeditions, it often fills the court's files with irrelevant matters, it leaves witnesses unprotected, produces burdensome costs, and can mean the avoidance of justice by the introduction of extraneous issues.

As though in proof of the legalized blackmail presented by the abuses of these procedures, there are many lawyers who object strenuously to the *other* aspect of pre-trial procedures, the meetings before the judges. They don't like this simply because it means cases get settled faster. And fees, of course, are just that much smaller. But without a judge, the field is clear.

"Sometimes," says Harry Nims, the notable proponent of the judge-watched procedure, "I am ashamed of my profession."

A lot of other lawyers should be, too.



Sound On DISC

BACK in the days before LP made record-collecting a lazy man's hobby, some of us would journey crosstown to the Gramophone Shop in New York to plunk down \$2.00 for the yellow-labeled Anthologie Sonore issues. Recorded and pressed in France, this series ran to some 350 sides of rare music which the commercial American companies could not bother with. Anthologie Sonore's subject ran a gamut of ten centuries, from the ninth to the nineteenth, and ranged the byways of musical composition.

My store of Anthologie Sonore records, on 78 r.p.m., is small; I could never really afford the tariff. But today's collector can do much better—and for considerably less money. The Haydn Society of Boston, a pioneer in off-the-beaten-track recording, has taken over the American rights to the entire Anthologie Sonore collection. It is systematically dubbing them off on long-playing records, and eventually it will make the entire lot available to all of us. This is an undertaking both daring and noteworthy.

I call to your attention the first

The Recent Recordings

batch of LP's on the Haydn Society label. The high fidelity fans will turn up their noses at some of this material; it was recorded in the 1930's and therefore lacks the brio of the contemporary product. But man does not live by 15,000 c.p.s. alone—at least this man doesn't. A catcall, running the full frequency range, may be a *ne plus ultra* for some. It ain't for me. But if you insist on music and modern techniques, there is the Anthologie Sonore disc of a concerto for five flutes (by Boismortier, whoever he be) in which Jean-Pierre Rampal plays all five parts. This is ultra-modern trick recording, relying on magnetic tape and the play-back.

There is much more satisfaction in a group of seven motets of Mozart which I have never heard before and which, I presume, have never been previously recorded. The seven appear on one disc.



This reviewer is an incorrigible Mozart aficionado — and has been ever since his very minor day as a music student. Mozart's music never palls, no matter how often repeated — and each playing sounds new voices in the deceptively simple scheme.

These motets, however, are a particular joy. Perhaps most outstanding is what Mozart himself called “a poor sample of my music” — an *Offertory* sent to Padre Martini of Bologna. Beethoven must have heard this piece and nurtured it in his mind for decades. The *Ode to Joy*, that great choral outpouring which closes the *Ninth Symphony*, bears more than a casual relationship in theme to Mozart's *Offertory* — and this relationship is but another sign of the continuity in music which the modern age has fractured.

Other compositions in this batch include some *Gregorian Chant* (not as much of a novelty on records today as it was a dozen years ago), a survey of music up to the sixteenth century, the Mozart ballet *Les Petits Riens* (which is also available elsewhere, more sleekly recorded and performed), Vivaldi's *Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra*, and Bach's *Concerto for Two Harpischords and Orchestra* (with its beautifully tender slow movement). I look forward to the reissue of Anthologie Sonore's evocative re-creation of the Spanish

Romancero, where the courtly and the folk combined to write one of the great chapters in the world's music. These I have treasured on the old shellac 78's, playing them for friends who have an ear and a heart for the small forms which, more often than not, express the soul of a people better than a dozen scholarly works.

THOSE who have followed my peregrinations in the music of all times know by now that I have a special weakness for the American musical comedy. I have said, and repeat, that the musical at its best is more American and more music than all the Roy Harrises and Aaron Coplands. But you will not find me shouting “bravo” at the score of the Shirley Booth musical, *By the Beautiful Sea*. It is a dull and derivative potpourri, neither expressive of fresh talent nor evocative of the Coney Island era — neither satirical good fun nor sound schmaltz.

I can find little of praise to say for a compendium of *The Hits Of Kay Starr*. Her style of singing, a kind of organized masochism full of wails and glissandi, has done much to corrupt the popular taste and debase the styles of young and promising singers who attempt to make every doleful ballad a gloomy Sunday.

R. DE T.



KEEPING TRACK OF OUR GOLD AND SILVER

BY ROBERT T. PATTERSON

ANYONE who tried to get within a shooting range of the Treasury's vast hoards of gold at Fort Knox, or near the silver at West Point, would quickly realize how well guarded they are. But protecting the gold and silver bullion isn't much of a problem compared with taking a satisfactory inventory of it. It's estimated that it would take two or three years to assay and weigh it all.

The Bureau of the Mint is charged with the safekeeping of over \$22 billion in gold and more than \$2 billion in silver bullion, besides about \$300 million in coins not in circulation. This immense accumulation of precious metals is held at the Mints in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Denver, the United States Assay Offices in New York and Seattle, as well as in the great bullion depositories at Fort Knox and West Point.

For the three Mints and the two Assay Offices an annual settlement of accounts is required by law, under detailed procedures established by

the Director of the Mint. Each year he selects a committee from the various Mint institutions and from his office in Washington. The committee members are experienced in handling bullion, and no one of them assists in the inventory of the particular Mint institution where he is employed.

At the Mints and the Assay Offices, the amount of coin and gold and silver bullion varies from day to day as quantities are received, processed, or withdrawn. For that reason the committee has to verify what are called "exposed values" — that is, it determines whether the amount of metals not stored away under "joint seal" is correct. It examines, also, the joint seals on all compartments where gold and silver are stored to make sure that they haven't been tampered with. Then it seals away any bullion not needed for current operations.

The seal placed upon the compartment is signed and witnessed jointly by a representative of the particular

Mint institution that is being examined and a representative of the Director of the Mint. This "joint sealing" makes weighing and recounting unnecessary at future settlements.

As a further precaution, observers from the Office of the Comptroller General sometimes take part in verifications at each of the Mints and Assay Offices.

At Fort Knox and West Point, keeping track of the nation's treasure is simpler, for none of the gold and silver there is in process of refinement, assay, coinage, or withdrawal. It is there simply for storage, and the amounts in the storage compartments can be totaled easily enough.

As soon as a shipment of bullion is received, it is weighed and placed in a compartment. A representative of the officer in charge and a representative of the Director of the Mint witness the process of weighing and storage, and together they sign the joint seal after the double-doored compartment has been closed upon the new addition to the Treasury's hoard.

More than 97 per cent of all the gold and silver bullion at Fort Knox and West Point and at the five Mints is held under joint seal. Altogether, the Bureau of the Mint

holds nearly two-thirds of the world's monetary gold and 85 per cent of its monetary silver.

A SPECIAL check of all the Treasury's assets — including its gold and silver — was made in 1953 by a committee appointed by Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey and his predecessor, John Snyder. With such a vast quantity of gold and silver, it had to be a spot check — a random sampling.

The committee counted and weighed ten per cent of all the gold bars, assaying some of them to prove their gold content. There were no discrepancies. Statisticians, who deal in samplings and probabilities, would say the method was adequate and the result satisfactory.

There hadn't been any real doubt that all the gold was there, but it was sound accounting practice to test here and there to see whether bullion recorded on the Treasury's books was in the vaults where it was supposed to be.

The gold at Fort Knox isn't lying idle even though it grows musty under the joint seals that testify mutely to its safety. It is security for our paper money and it's nice to know that the gold is there to back up our old greenbacks.



STEW

As Camel Drivers Make It

BY RODNEY GILBERT

ONE bitter cold night a few months ago, my wife asked me what kind of a dinner I'd like. I said that I wasn't ravenously hungry, but that the weather called for something filling and substantial; and with that I stepped out to sniff the gale.

It was blowing hard from the northwest. The thermometer said that it was just below zero. The stars sparkled appropriately; and the coons, "booping" to one another dolefully from hill to hill, made me think of the yipping of wolves on other cold nights on the other side of the world. I wasn't long getting back into the house, and I then remarked that, if it weren't for the big trees all around me, I'd think that I was out in the Mongol grasslands on a winter night.

"Now I know what we'll have for dinner," said my wife. "We'll have camel drivers' stew."

There are books available now from which one can learn how to prepare, after a fashion, almost any dish that is served in a good Chinese restaurant, or in a prosperous Chinese household. But camel drivers' stew is one dish that is not to be found in the books, is not prepared in the best Chinese households and is not to be encountered in Chinese restaurants. It is nevertheless the one dish on which many thousands of the hardiest of all Chinese live through about seven months of the year — seven months of sub-zero weather during which they are almost never under a roof. And, what is more, I can guarantee that if any reader of



these lines is ever foolish enough or luckless enough to find himself where this dish is prepared, and is handed a bowl of it, he will pronounce it the most delectable provender that ever passed his lips.

The environment in which one eats this stew is all-important to an appreciation of it, of course. From personal experience I can testify that this is almost anywhere in Mongol country, sometimes desert, sometimes gravelly waste, sometimes prairie, north of the Chinese border — almost anywhere between the plateau above Peking and the heart of Chinese Turkestan. It must be mid-winter. The time should be in that period before the dawn when it is traditionally darkest, for Bactrian camels travel at night only. That is the time when one usually arrives at a camp site where there is some alkaline water available, and starts thinking very seriously indeed of food. The temperature should be at least 40 degrees below zero. I won't say that there *should* be a northwest gale blowing, because there *would* be. That's something that the Mongol border country never fails to provide; and that's the cocktail that really goes to work on one's appetite.

CAMEL MEN must travel in beavies. Usually they start out from some railhead in China as five or six fellows leading strings that total something like seventy beasts. Out in the wilderness they run into

others; and before long one can see a single-file parade of maybe 150 camels stepping sedately along in amazingly brilliant moonlight, over dunes and hummocks, at their deceptively leisurely pace. It keeps a man moving at a very brisk walk — better than four miles an hour.

Then, when you come to the waterhole, what happens? String after string is led in and parked in parallel lines, all with their noses to the wind; for if you tried to turn a camel's silly little tail to the wind and he felt the gale getting under his coat, he would be on his feet protesting in ten seconds. Up go the tents. Two or three men take charge of this. The rest are all out with bags and baskets collecting dried dung for fuel. Horse is light kindling; cow is a better starter; but camel and sheep supply the hot fire.

By the time the first collector is in with his pickings, the chow tent is up and there is a shallow iron boiler, maybe 15 inches in diameter, on iron stakes that have been driven into the frozen ground. Others have drawn some water, and a few quarts are already in the boiler, together with a few chunks of brick tea. It takes no time to start a fire. Someone always has a little dry grass or a few tamarisk twigs for kindling, and dry dung burns fiercely. By the time the tea has boiled, a dozen gentle souls with the faces of pirates, clad in sheepskin coats, are in a crowded circle around the fire and are soon noisily inhaling boiling hot

tea with great relish. Then preparation of that pre-dawn meal begins.

While the mob is drinking tea, two things are going on. One fellow is kneading dough, and another is cutting up meat and vegetables. The worthy who kneads the dough has probably been as busy as others picking up dried dung. So he must wash his hands. Water is scarce. He pours ten drops into one palm, goes through the motions of a thorough wash and wipes his hands on his sheepskin coat.

The man who cuts up the meat and vegetables may not take quite so much trouble. What the latter has to cut up is mutton frozen as hard as rock. For this he has a substantial cleaver. When the last of the tea has been scooped out of the boiler, he throws into it all the fat that he has been able to chop or slice off the mutton and then proceeds to chop the lean meat into chunks as big as the end of his thumb. His vegetables give him little trouble, though they are frozen just as hard as his meat, because he has few of them. He may have some carrots and potatoes, but he is sure to have onions — in scallion form.

THEN here comes the stew. The mutton fat in the boiler sizzles and melts. When this is in a molten state, in go several pounds of the little chunks of frozen mutton, the onions and whatever else there is, plus salt and soy, if any. As these fry and as the gale rocks the tent,

and the camels outside snort and squeal about nothing at all, and the dogs bark because the wolves are edging in, the aroma that rises from that frying mess in the boiler is maddening. But then, just as everyone is ready to shout that he will eat the stuff as it is, somebody pours a couple of gallons of cold water into the boiler at a signal from the cook. Clouds of hot steam envelop the grimy company; and about this time the operator on the dough (made of good wheat flour with more "middlings" in it than we now get) starts passing out balls of his mixture to each fellow.

Each takes his allotment and rolls it between his palms until it is about six inches long and the thickness of his thumb. This he then squeezes flat between his thumbs and forefingers. By this time the pot is boiling. So all around it the hungry fellows start tearing bits off their strips of dough and flicking them into the pot, after which they sit back and give the whole thing very little time indeed to cook. Then they dip in, and in no time they are scraping the bottom of the big boiler.

My wife and I devised our own domestic approximation of the great dish, and we like it on a cold night; but to get the real thing and go wild about it, you've just gotta go there. You've got to rock along on a camel in the dark for ten hours, or trudge at the head of a string, under that hellish northwest wind, at 40 below zero — and then get a chance to eat.

The Man in the



LEATHER SUIT

By Charles E. Booth

ONE SUNNY MORNING in early June, a farmer's wife in a rural New York town heard a loud knock upon her kitchen door. Opening it, she faced a strange-looking traveler. He was attired from head to toe in ragged brown leather and from his hunched shoulders hung a battered brown leather bag. His face, wrinkled and weather-beaten, had not felt the touch of a razor in years.

The traveler spoke not a word, but instead made motions signifying that he would like something to eat. The farmer's wife understood the signals well, for to her he was a semiannual visitor. A cup of hot coffee and a steaming plate of good home-cooked food were offered him immediately and he accepted them with a peculiar nod of his head.

As soon as he had finished the last crumb of food and had tasted the last drop of coffee, the strange old man departed without another gesture. But his hostess, thoroughly accustomed to his habits, knew that he would return again in the fall. Known throughout Connecticut and eastern New York State, this story-like character was well known as the famed "Leatherman," who, for some twenty-odd years, traveled a

certain route by foot through the two states, visiting various farm-houses along the way. During his many years of such traveling, he wore the same leather jacket, suit and boots, all made from old assorted leather scraps.

The Leatherman set out as a traveler in 1860 from a cave in Harwinton, Connecticut. From there, he traveled a route covering a distance of over 260 miles. He chose a route which wound around several towns and villages along the Connecticut River. His travels took him to Saybrook and other Connecticut shore towns, and then westward to the lower part of New York State. His return trips brought him back again to his cave at Harwinton.

The Leatherman lived a lonely and monotonous life. Never once in twenty years was he known to change his route nor interrupt his daily routine. He spoke to no one whom he chanced to meet along the highways.

To many people, the Leatherman was simply a character who had probably at one time or another had a sad experience with life and had chosen a dreary existence out of sheer spite. To others, he repre-

sented a man who was a bit queer and somewhat childish. The majority of folks, however, sympathized with him and offered him money, jobs and other tokens. But the weird old traveler spurned all offers of help — except the food offered him at all his regular stops.

As to his suit of leather, it remains a mystery even today as to just how, when and where he acquired it and how he managed to keep it in serviceable repair. Having no use for conversation and still less for money, it's unlikely that he could have purchased leather for the hundreds of odd-shaped patches which were always in evidence. No one ever suspected him of stealing; so the leather must not have been obtained in this manner. Still, among the items found in his leather bag after his death were countless scraps of leather of the sort with which he undoubtedly repaired his suit and jacket.

The Leatherman's outfit, including leather boots, suit and jacket, weighed considerably more than the average person would be willing to carry on his body. Cumbersome was the word for his clumsy clothes; yet, he was never seen without the same ones and presumably slept in them. At times, he was seen carrying a second leather bag and a huge walking stick made of heavy hickory. The combined weight of all these articles was certainly tremendous, especially for an old man.

A regular routine was employed by the Leatherman in seeking food. Upon arriving at a farmhouse, he would lift the latch on the gate, carefully approach the kitchen door and knock quickly and loudly. In due time, the door would open, the Leatherman would point to his mouth and then, with a nod of his head, would accept whatever was offered.

The visits of the Leatherman were extremely regular and most of the residents of the farms looked forward to his semi-annual appearances much as we today look forward to the arrival of the spring and fall migrations of the wild birds.

At New Haven, Connecticut, the Leatherman had a favorite stop. One stormy day, he actually stepped into the kitchen and sat down at the table. It was while she was preparing a hot meal for him that the lady of the house noticed that he had developed a bad cough. She promptly offered him a bottle of home-made cough syrup which he accepted. His appreciation on that one occasion knew no bounds and it was one of the very rare instances in which he spoke. "Thanks — very, very kind — so kind." He spoke slowly, gesturing with his hands in a sort of semi-circle, as if it were difficult to form the words. But for the Leatherman actually to talk at all was indeed unusual.

Children often played a harmless little game with the Leatherman. They would offer him pennies or

nickels, which he readily accepted. When he had finished his meal, he would leave the coins on the step or gatepost. He had no use for money in any form, but he apparently liked to play this game as much as did the children. The youngsters enjoyed their generous gestures, too, particularly when they were assured of their gifts being returned.

Genuine sympathy toward the ragged traveler was expressed by most townspeople. Despite his rough appearance, no one really disliked him. Never accepting a "buggy ride," the Leatherman traveled thousands of miles by foot. Since he knew the location of so many caves, he was seldom without the proverbial roof over his head.

WHEN the famous New England blizzard of 1888 blew in, the Leatherman survived, but the hardships that accompanied that storm proved to be his undoing. He became seriously ill and since he had little or no use for doctors and would accept no help, he suffered unbeknown to those who had befriended him in the past.

In the following year, the Leatherman died in a cave at Mount Pleasant, alone and unattended. The news of his untimely death was not learned until much later. The man in the leather suit lived, died and was buried in the same old battered clothing that had become his trade mark for some twenty-odd years.

The details of how the Leatherman began his life of wandering will probably never be known, but there are many legends which have been built around his strange existence.

The best known and possibly the true story of his origin begins in France. A Jules Bourglay, a young woodcarver from the southern part of France, fell desperately in love with the daughter of a wealthy leather merchant.

To test the young man's character, the merchant took him into the firm. The leather market suddenly dropped, the merchant lost most of his fortune, and the blame for the whole thing fell upon young Bourglay. Knowing that he was falsely accused, the young man lost his mind and was committed to a monastery. Escaping some time later, he fled to America, where he took up the life of a wanderer. Since leather had been the cause of his downfall, he chose to wear a suit of it for the rest of his life. He never lingered long enough in one place to make friends or to become a nuisance and he spent the rest of his days as the "Leatherman."

The Leatherman rests today in Sparta Cemetery near Ossining. His leather bag can be seen on display at the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford. On May 16, 1953, a large brass marker, designed as a lasting tribute to the strange, melancholy old man, was placed with ceremony on the headstone over his grave.



Spreading the Fruits of Research

BY JOHN L. KENT

FASTER and more systematic dissemination of Government research information is expected as a result of investigations now under way for the National Science Foundation.

About three and a half billion dollars were spent in 1953 on scientific research and development. Two billion of this came out of the U.S. Treasury. Scientists complain that only a small percentage of the estimated 100,000 reports expected from the Federally financed part will reach users before the information they contain is obsolete.

The scientists say that red tape, excessive security, and lack of a system are slowing the flow of the reports to those who could make use of them.

Here are several typical examples of the Government's dissemination system:

In January, 1951, scientists at the Georgia Institute of Technology and

Georgia State Engineering Experiment Station completed a report on an important study of twisting properties of synthetic filament yarns. The research was done for the U.S. Air Force, which is interested in the subject because of its use of parachute cloth and other textiles made from synthetic fibers. The information is also needed by industry so that weaving and other operations on nylon, Dacron and Orlon, for example, could be improved.

But this report wasn't released to industry until February 18, 1954 — three years later.

The Army and the Navy similarly hold up reports. The record for the longest delay of a non-military scientific report is held by the Navy. This is the case:

In 1947, scientists at the U.S. Naval Ordnance Test Station perfected a new method of taking extremely fast photographs. They devised an electro-optical shutter by

which they could control exposure times of less than 100 micro-seconds. Such a fast shutter would be of immense value to other scientists working on basic problems requiring extremely short exposure times.

In May, 1948, the scientists' 36-page report was prepared. But it wasn't until November 16, 1953, more than five years later, that industrial scientists learned of the report.

CRITICS have been pointing to this deficiency in the Federal research program for many years. Dissemination of the reports is a forgotten area. The Government spends the money; the research is performed; the report written; and then — often nothing happens.

Many technical reports are buried in files to gather dust. In an over-eagerness to prevent our enemies learning of them, someone had "over-classified" them.

There are other reasons. Procrastination is a major one. Agencies are under no orders to "push out" these reports once they have been written. Yet, time is of the essence in research.

Non-defense contractors and industry generally have learned to depend on Commerce Department's Office of Technical Services (OTS) for unclassified or declassified research reports. OTS is part of the newly-set-up Business and Defense Services Administration in the Department of Commerce.

The Office is a continuation of wartime efforts in collecting and distributing captured German and Japanese technological data. OTS now gathers reports from Federal research, reprints them, and sells them to industry and the general public.

But only a small part of the great number of reports issued finds its way into the OTS stockpile.

Major reason behind this seems to be the lack of a clear-cut policy for handling the reports. There is no over-all Government order on scientific reports.

The Army has no method of publicizing the reports that have been declassified and are available to industry and the public. It leaves it up to OTS. Individual technical services of the Army report a variety of methods of treating the reports.

The Chemical Corps, Corps of Engineers, and the Signal Corps use OTS to disseminate some of their unclassified reports. Signal Corps contractors can get copies of the classified report through its procurement agency in Philadelphia.

The Quartermaster Corp sends some of its unclassified reports to OTS.

The Army Ordnance Department says it has no central office charged with dissemination of the reports. Spokesmen infer it would be a big job to run such an office because of "complexities of the problem itself."

The Navy Department is committed to a "need-to-know" policy.

This means that technical data are given to other Governmental agencies and Government contractors "having a justifiable need for such information."

The Air Force, too, has a "need-to-know" policy which restricts reports to a few Government contractors. Air Force Headquarters spokesmen say this means that military contractors may obtain catalogs of available reports, as well as the information itself, when it is related to their work for the Government. Some unclassified reports are sent to OTS.

DESPITE the apparent "do nothing" attitude of some Government bureaus, the Government is aware of the need to speed up dissemination of reports.

Some of the agencies are actually doing a fair job of it. Take the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics (NACA). NACA is the Government's top research agency in aviation. It does work for the three military services.

NACA recognizes that the immediate end product of its research is the research report. It also recognizes that, in aviation, speed in reporting research results is essential to the maintenance of a satisfactory rate of development progress.

The agency has therefore made many of its printed reports available through the Superintendent of Documents at the U.S. Government Printing Office. Other NACA

papers are available only to American citizens having a legitimate interest in scientific documents.

The National Bureau of Standards has worked out a system of dissemination for its research information. It publishes a monthly technical bulletin and issues separate reports in several series. Notices of reports are sent to scientific journals and technical periodicals.

So far only one Government agency — the Atomic Energy Commission — has done any "soul-searching" in the report dissemination matter. Several years ago the Commission invited a committee of industrialists to check its dissemination practice.

The committee, after a review of the work and talks with researchers, concluded that AEC was doing a good job publicizing the reports. Research information was being made available to industry wherever national security considerations permitted.

This points to the need for a similar committee to examine the unclassified and perhaps over-classified research reports in the Defense Department, and a look into the non-military departments as well.

The mere existence of such a committee would probably speed up dissemination of this immensely valuable stockpile of technical information to the mutual benefit of American science and industry, and the Government.



The American Mercury's List

- Animal Farm*, by George Orwell, \$1.75. Harcourt Brace & Co., Inc., 383 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Anthem*, by Ayn Rand, \$3.00. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.
- Asia Aflame: Communism in the East*, by Van Der Vlugt, \$6.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Brain-Washing in Red China*, by Edward Hunter, \$3.75. Vanguard Press, Inc., 424 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Century of Conflict, A*, by Stefan T. Possony, \$7.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- China Story, The*, by Freda Utley, \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Claims of Sociology, The*, by A. H. Hobbs, \$2.75. Stackpole, Telegraph Press Building, Harrisburg, Pa.
- Communism and Christ*, by Charles Lowry, \$1.75 (paper), \$2.75 (cloth). Morehouse-Gorham Co., Inc., 14 East 41st Street, New York.
- Communist Trail in America, The*, by Jacob Spolansky, \$3.50. Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Communism Versus the Negro*, by William A. Nolan, \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Communist War on Religion*, by Gary Mac-Eoin, \$3.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Crime Without Punishment*, by Guenther Reinhardt, \$3.50. Hermitage House, Inc., 8 West 13th Street, New York.
- Cry Is Peace, The*, by Louis Francis Budenz, \$3.75. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Enemy Within, The*, by deJaegher and Kuhn, \$3.75. Doubleday Bookshop, 436 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- God and Man at Yale*, by William F. Buckley, Jr., \$3.50. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Great Idea, The*, by Henry Hazlitt, \$3.50. Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 35 West 32nd Street, New York.
- I Chose Freedom*, by Victor Kravchenko, \$4.50. Scribners Book Store, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- I Led Three Lives*, by Herbert Philbrick, \$1.49 (paper). Grossett & Dunlap, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York.
- Iron Curtain*, by Igor Gouzenko, \$3.00. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.
- Lattimore Story, The*, by John T. Flynn, \$1.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- McCarthy and His Enemies*, by Buckley and Bozell, \$5.00. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- McCarthyism: The Fight for America*, by Joe McCarthy, \$5.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Men Without Faces*, by Louis Francis Budenz, \$3.50. Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York.

of Recommended Books on Current Affairs

- Negro and the Communist Party, The*, by Wilson Record, \$3.50. University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.
- One Who Survived*, by Alexander Barmine, \$4.00. G. P. Putnam Sons, 210 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Our Secret Allies*, by Eugene Lyons, \$3.50. Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Out of Bondage*, by Elizabeth Bentley, \$3.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- People's Pottage, The*, by Garet Garrett, \$3.00. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.
- Prejudice and the Press*, by Frank Hughes, \$6.00. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Red Masquerade*, by Angela Calomiris, \$3.00. J. B. Lippincott Co., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Red Plot Against America*, by Robert Stripling and Bob Considine, \$3.00. Bell Publishing Co., Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.
- Road Ahead, The*, by John T. Flynn, \$2.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Secret War for the A-Bomb, The*, by Medford Evans, \$3.95. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Seeds of Treason*, by de Toledano and Lasky, \$3.50. Funk and Wagnalls Co., 153 East 24th Street, New York.
- Shanghai Conspiracy*, by Charles S. Willoughby, \$3.75. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York.
- Soviet Slave Empire, The*, by A. K. Herling, \$3.75. Wilfred Funk, Inc., 513 East 24th Street, New York.
- Spies, Dupes and Diplomats*, by Ralph de Toledano, \$3.50. Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Stalin and German Communism*, by Ruth Fischer, \$8.00. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
- Traitors, The*, by Alan Moorehead, \$3.50. Scribners Book Store, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Twenty-Year Revolution, The*, by Chesly Manly, \$4.00. Henry Regnery Company, 20 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4, Ill.
- Web of Subversion, The*, by James Burnham, \$3.75. John Day Co., Inc., 210 Madison Avenue, New York.
- When the Gods are Silent*, by Mikhail Soloviev, \$3.95. David McKay Co., Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- While You Slept*, by John T. Flynn, \$2.50. Devin-Adair Co., 23 East 26th Street, New York.
- Whole of Their Lives, The*, by Benjamin Gitlow, \$3.50. Scribners Book Store, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.
- Witness*, by Whittaker Chambers, \$5.00. Random House, Inc., 457 Madison Avenue, New York.
- Yalta Betrayal, The*, by Felix Wittmer, \$1.25. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho.

Cold-Blooded Murder Is Part of Russia's Cold War in the West

TESTIMONY OF N. E. KHOKHLOV

Former Officer of the MGB

[On May 21, 1954, Nikolai Evgeniyevich Khokhlov faced the Senate Internal Security Committee and, via television, the American people. Until early in 1954, Khokhlov had been a captain in the Soviet secret police, the ruthlessly efficient military and para-military organization which has been known to the world under a series of designations — GPU, NKVD, MVD, and MGB.

He had broken with his Soviet masters when assigned to Berlin on an assassination mission. His victim was one of the heads of an anti-Communist group, NTS, which has carried out an increasingly effective program of propaganda against the Communist regime in Russia.

The Khokhlov public testimony took a whole day and runs to 87 pages of typescript. By its very nature, the transcript is full of repetition. But boiled down to its essentials, here is Khokhlov's startling story. The record speaks for itself.]

CHAIRMAN WILLIAM E. JENNER. . . .
We know that the Soviet government of Russia is a tyrannical dictatorship. We know it cannot rely upon the support of its own people. We know it must rely therefore upon the terror exerted by its secret police.

We shall hear testimony today from a man who was a member of that secret service. He was trained at considerable effort and expense. He was entrusted with highly confidential missions including the assassination of anti-Soviet elements . . .

The witness has been subjected to vigorous cross-examination in executive session. Of course this committee cannot absolutely vouch for any witness, but we have made many checks, well over 100, and the checkpoints in the story have been investigated and scores of such checkpoints have proved valid.

The witness will tell his own story with respect to his motives for what he has done. His testimony that despite the persecutions of the dictatorship he once served, religious faith still survives, even in the ranks of the secret Soviet agents, may point to the Achilles heel of the Soviet giant . . .

I want to say frankly, for the record, that this witness has given a great deal of testimony in executive sessions which for security reasons he will not be asked to repeat in the open session.

When were you born?

KHOKHLOV. 7 June 1922.

P. GRIMES, COMMITTEE COUNSEL. *It is true, is it not, that you have been an officer of the MGB for some 13 years?*

KHOKHLOV. I was a collaborator, that is, a worker, with the MGB, and the officer's rank I have had since September, 1950.

GRIMES. *Now, what is the MGB, and its predecessor, the NKVD? Will you please explain?*

KHOKHLOV. The MGB is a service which is engaged in the affairs of intelligence and counter-intelligence. This service is engaged in sending agents abroad and in the countering of the activities of enemy agents.

When this organization exists

alone, its name is MGB. When this organization is merged into a ministry of internal affairs, then its identity, or the name, is lost, and it becomes a part of either MVD, or as it was, NKVD.

GRIMES. *What is the purpose of the MGB?*

KHOKHLOV. The development of the intelligence work abroad, and the fight against the foreign agents, intelligence agents.

GRIMES. *Did you belong to any particular branch of the MGB?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

GRIMES. *What branch was that?*

KHOKHLOV. The Ninth Section. The real purpose of this organization was diversional activities and terroristic work for the Soviet benefit abroad.

GRIMES. *Will you please describe what the terroristic activities abroad consisted of?*

KHOKHLOV. In the official language of the MGB, the term "terroristic activities" means the implementation of directions dealing with the assassinations or murder of individual persons.

GRIMES. *And what does the phrase "diversionary activities" mean as used by the Soviet government and your agency and department?*

KHOKHLOV. Such as preparation or organization of explosions, sabotage, setting fires in ports and harbors, and activities of that kind.

JENNER. *Did you refuse to carry out an assignment to commit murder?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, I refused. I never performed the murder.

JENNER. *Why?*

KHOKHLOV. Because I consider that the murder or assassination is a crime against religion and conscience.

GRIMES. *Would you please state the events from the time that you received this assignment, where you received it, when you received it, and who gave you this assignment?*

KHOKHLOV. I received an assignment on the organization for the assassination of Okolovich in the beginning of October, 1953.

GRIMES. *Who was Okolovich?*

KHOKHLOV. One of the leaders of the émigré movement known as NTS.

JENNER. *What does NTS stand for?*

KHOKHLOV. National Labor Work Alliance.

GRIMES. *What is their purpose?*

KHOKHLOV. To carry out a revolution in Russia and to replace the present regime with one that would be more free.

GRIMES. *What is the basis of your knowledge of this organization?*

KHOKHLOV. The data that are in the possession of the MGB and the data that was given to me for my knowledge by my superiors.

GRIMES. *Now, will you tell us, please, about this assignment, starting with when you first received word that this was to be your assignment?*

KHOKHLOV. This assignment was given to me at first by my direct superior, Colonel Studnikov.

GRIMES. *And who in turn was his superior?*

KHOKHLOV. Panyushkin.

GRIMES. *Panyushkin was the former*

Ambassador to the United States of America from Soviet Russia, is that correct?

KHOKHLOV. Yes, this is precisely so. Studnikov told me that I am given an assignment to organize a liquidation of one of the most distinguished Russian émigrés.

I myself was categorically forbidden to assassinate him personally, inasmuch as I was the leader of this operation. I was supposed to recruit two German agents to carry out the assassination. These men were to be selected from the personnel of the agents whom we had available in Eastern Germany.

Furthermore, I had to prepare the documents for them, to prepare the story for them, and order the weapons for them, and take steps to organize their trip to Frankfurt.

For this purpose, several agents of Eastern Germany, and those who were in Western Germany, were given to me for my disposal. I had to send them to collect information and data on Okolovich and for taking pictures of the place of Okolovich's residence.

Such was the basic assignment in its main parts. As to the details, I had to work them out myself.

GRIMES. *What position did Okolovich occupy in the NTS?*

KHOKHLOV. He was a leader of the so-called closed activities, which can also be translated as secret activities.

GRIMES. *Will you describe the closed or secret activities?*

KHOKHLOV. First of all, this work consisted of sending personnel, which means that first you had to select, to train them . . .

GRIMES. *To send the personnel into Russia itself, as well as the satellite countries?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, also into Russia itself. He was the head and the soul of all secret intelligence work directed against the Soviet Union.

GRIMES. *Did this assignment present to you a possibility of getting out and saving your wife and child?*

KHOKHLOV. On the contrary, it placed me in such a position that in one respect I could stay no longer in the Soviet Union. On the other hand, I knew that I could not go by myself alone, leaving my family within the clutches of the MGB in Moscow.

GRIMES. *By the time you received this assignment were you, in your opinion, under suspicion insofar as your superior officers were concerned, because you had previously refused an assassination mission in Paris?*

KHOKHLOV. This is possible. But there were also some other factors in respect to this. Throughout the period of my work in the intelligence service, I received altogether three assignments as to the assassination of people.

The first one was the assignment to assassinate a German Gauleiter who was executing people in Western Byelorussia in 1943. This was the war time. I was a soldier then, just as much as anybody who fought

at the front. I put on a uniform of a German officer, and I was transported behind the lines of the front. In the uniform of the German officer, I penetrated Minsk, which was occupied by the Germans. I found people who could carry out the matter of killing Kube. And Kube was killed. Perhaps my superiors at the time, on the strength of this, thought that I could be a killer under any conditions and any place.

GRIMES. *How was Kube, the Gauleiter, killed?*

KHOKHLOV. A Byelorussian woman, Galine Mazanik, worked in his household. I turned over to this woman a small mine with magnetized holders.

GRIMES. *How did that work? Briefly, was it not worked on a time principle, by the insertion of a pencil?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes. This mine or bomb was a weapon which contained a certain charge of explosives, and it also contained a place for the fuse, which would blow it up. This pencil had certain markings on it, that is for the action within six hours, eight hours, and other limits. From the moment a special safety pin was taken out of this pencil, which was the fuse, the pencil would blow at a certain exact specified time.

GRIMES. *You made arrangements with this Gauleiter's cook or chef to place the mine under his bed, is that correct?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

GRIMES. *And she did and the bomb worked?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, two o'clock at night.

JENNER. *And the mission was successful and you were highly decorated for carrying out this mission in time of war?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, because it was a war mission.

GRIMES. *And you were behind the German lines for a period of some 13 months, is that correct?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

GRIMES. *You carried on a number of other missions there, is that also true, but not of an assassination nature?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

GRIMES. *Did you in 1949 meet or become acquainted with your present wife?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

GRIMES. *And you ultimately married her in 1951?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes. In 1949, partly on my own volition, and partly being under her influence, I decided to leave the Intelligence Service. At this moment, there took place a regular fight between myself and my superiors. This struggle has continued on between them and me, for two years. And it might have resulted in my arrest at any moment, and possibly at my eventual disappearance. Under such contingency, had my wife been officially registered as my wife, she would have immediately shared my fate.

GRIMES. *Now, is your wife an educated woman?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, she is an engineer.

GRIMES. *Is she a religious woman?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, unconditionally, she is a Catholic.

GRIMES. *Of what branch of the Catholic Church?*

KHOKHLOV. The Union Church, which on the one side recognizes the Catholic Church, and on the other hand also recognizes the Greek Orthodox Church.

GRIMES. *Following your marriage, did you have a child?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, he was born in August, 1952.

GRIMES. *Was your position as an officer in the MGB an important position?*

KHOKHLOV. It was important in the sense that I knew very many state secrets.

GRIMES. *Would your attending church be frowned upon by your superiors?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, they would have immediately undertaken certain measures.

GRIMES. *If discovered?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

GRIMES. *Now, before you became married to your present wife, were you a religious man?*

KHOKHLOV. No, I did not think much of the question.

GRIMES. *Would you say as a result of your marriage, and as a result of the views of your wife, you became within the limits of your possibility, a religious man?*

KHOKHLOV. Fundamentally, yes.

GRIMES. *Did you, despite your position, occasionally go to church with her?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes. Making attempts so that the fact of our going would not be discovered.

GRIMES. *You realized you ran a risk in attending church at all, of course?*

KHOKHLOV. Somehow it was taken for granted.

GRIMES. *Now, in 1952, you testified that you refused an assassination mission in Paris. Will you tell us about that, please? And what happened?*

KHOKHLOV. In 1952, I received a second assignment pertaining to murder of a man. There was no more war. But I was ordered to go to Paris and assassinate there a certain Russian émigré. I know that it was impossible because I was an intelligence man, but I was never an assassin. And I refused it. Taking as my excuse for this refusal simply the fact that I am simply afraid of it.

GRIMES. *Were you to assassinate one person or two?*

KHOKHLOV. The assignment as such dealt with the assassination of one man, but the plan provided for a contingency of assassinating another man. The very same agent who was supposed to organize the assassination.

GRIMES. *Tell about the assignment and your refusal, please.*

KHOKHLOV. In February of 1952, I was ordered to go to one of our apartments in Moscow. My chief, Lieutenant General Sudoplatov, informed me that I had to go to France with Swiss forged documents. Sudoplatov told me that while in Paris I had to meet one

of our agents, who has been working for us already for a number of years, but who has not received any money from us for a considerable period. I was supposed to give him a sum of money, give him the regards from Moscow, and also ask him to show me one of our agents there. This particular friend of the agent, the one to be shown, he was the one who was scheduled or marked for assassination. When General Sudoplatov told me this, I understood that I had arrived at a very difficult moment for me. I knew that it was impossible for me to fulfill this assignment. But at the moment, I did not know how I could or had to refuse it, in what particular form my refusal should be.

I tried to prolong the time, and I asked them several insignificant questions. For instance, I asked him, "But what will the agent say when his friend would be killed?"

"Oh," said the General, "this is not important. When you go back on the way back, you can also remove this agent. He has a long account with the Soviet government." JENNER. *Meaning he was to kill him, too?*

GRIMES. *What did you do about this assignment, after thinking it over?*

KHOKHLOV. The next day, I went to see General Sudoplatov, and I told him that I couldn't carry out this assignment, and I simply was afraid of it.

GRIMES. *What did Sudoplatov say?*

KHOKHLOV. He simply saw that I am

actually a man who was sincerely afraid, and so he just sent me away, and he practically drove me away, and sent me out of the room. My wife and I expected to be arrested almost any night. [But] they simply exiled me to Berlin to take part in this purely technical work.

JENNER. *Eventually, however, Sudoplatov was removed from Paris activities and they placed another man in his position, is that not correct?*

KHOKHLOV. General Sudoplatov was arrested in September of 1953, together with his deputy, and he was not replaced by anybody else.

JENNER. *Is that part of the Beria purge?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, it was officially written in the indictment of Beria's trial, that Sudoplatov was arrested precisely for the terroristic activities of Beria.

GRIMES. *And although arrested and charged with the crime of committing terroristic activities, the same terroristic activities continued right after his arrest, did they not, and continued as far as you know right down to the present time?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

JENNER. *Does he know how Beria was arrested?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes. During the night, I don't exactly remember the date now, but I believe it was the 25th of June, there was a telephone call from the Central Committee to the seventh administration of MVD, in charge of arrests and interrogations. The chief of this administration,

Major General Nikolski, was ordered to arrest Beria. Nikolski called two officers, both were colonels, people in charge of the sections within this administration. He told them about the assignment and they immediately took steps. Beria was in his office on the first floor. His secretary was recalled, and was replaced with another man. In the hallways and approaches to Beria's office, several people in whom Nikolski had confidence were placed there. Then [a] member of the Central Committee and two officers entered Beria's office. The member of the Central Committee stepped forward and he said the following: "Lavrenti Paulov Beria, on the decision of the Central Committee, you are under arrest."

The officers stepped forward, immediately disarmed Beria, and they took him out of the office, and took him down to the elevator, and the elevator brought him down immediately to the jail. Nobody in the ministry knew that Beria was arrested. The arrest took place on Thursday, and still on Friday and Saturday, we exchanged remarks, "Something is happening; the minister is not within the building."

JENNER. *Now, I want to ask how extensive is this organization of MGB? In how many countries is it operated to your knowledge?*

KHOKHLOV. This is a very extensive organization, and one could say it covers all countries.

JENNER. *I want to ask if they have*

an American desk, this terrorist organization?

KHOKHLOV. Yes, within this organization, there is a certain section which is engaged in work on America.

GRIMES. *Mr. Khokhlov, you have testified about your assignment to head the assassination group of Mr. Okolovich and your study of the dossier of the NTS. Did you learn from that file, or otherwise, of previous attempts made against Mr. Okolovich and Mrs. Okolovich?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, I knew the whole story, the complete story of attempts to assassinate Okolovich and also attempts to kidnap him. They did not make any attempts to kidnap his wife. It was merely planned to kill her in case she interfered.

GRIMES. *Now, after receiving this assignment, did you tell your wife?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

[At this point, Captain Khokhlov explained in great detail his discussions with his wife, as well as the doubts which assailed him. He knew he could not just disappear into Western Europe, after reaching Berlin, because his wife would be punished for his actions. He knew, moreover, that Okolovich would be assassinated by another MGB man if he did not carry out the assignment. He tried to work out a rationalization: If he followed orders, the actual murder would be carried out by someone else. But Khokhlov's wife would not accept this. "She told me that if this man is killed,

I would be the assassin," he testified. "She told me that she could not be the wife of an assassin." Any road, even one leading to death for herself and their child, was preferable. Khokhlov decided that he would seek the counsel of an émigré Russian in Berlin. But this had its dangers. Émigré organizations were infiltrated by the MGB. But he knew for certain, because of the files he had read, that Okolovich, the man he was to murder, was safe.]

KHOKHLOV. I knew that I would ask Okolovich and the NTS organization to rescue my wife. Reading the papers pertaining to his case I sensed that this was a decent, honorable man who was fighting for the idea of freedom.

And at the same time he could easily see the professional advantages which would be obtained by his organization through the situation. I had precise and voluminous information on the concrete plans of the struggle, the campaign of the MGB against the NTS. I copied some of this material and I collected it and deposited it in a certain place in Lausanne, in Switzerland. I wanted to present this material in case I will be assisted in the rescue of my family. I was granted permission to obtain special weapons on a special order produced in our laboratory. I knew that the Soviet Intelligence Service has been using poison bullets. I knew that there existed a special laboratory engaged

in the preparation and working out of poisons for this specific purpose. I knew that it presented a rare opportunity to show to the West the methods of our terroristic organization.

I made an official request so that I would be permitted to use poison bullets. This request was addressed to Panyushkin.

GRIMES. *Will you tell this committee of the conversation that you had with Panyushkin on that occasion?*

KHOKHLOV. I reported to him that I needed poison bullets and I had run up against certain difficulties in procuring those bullets. He said that in essence I was right, that in case such a complicated operation was in the making, the operation in which a regular officer of the MGB is included, then such operation must be successful, and all means should be made use of. We called in the chief of the laboratory by the name of Naumov and ordered [him] to prepare the poison. He ordered the chief of the armaments shop to prepare bullets and that was done.

GRIMES. *Before we get to a discussion of Laboratory 12, will you tell this committee, please, of the various conversations you had with Panyushkin in direct reference to the assassination of Okolovich?*

KHOKHLOV. From the list of personnel that we had in Eastern Germany I selected two names and I met with Panyushkin on the question of this particular people. This

was exceptionally important because for our service [it is more important to escape discovery than to succeed.]

In the first series of conversations with Panyushkin he asked me in great detail as to whether his people, mightn't they betray us, might not they go over to the West.

And then he was interested in the question whether these people had any experience in this line of work, whether they could actually carry out the technical side of this mission.

The second period of conversations took place, that is after I came to Moscow from Berlin, together with the agents, and then the conversation was as to what would be the technical base, that is, the staging area for our operation.

I selected the people who could, in case of necessity, go over to the West. But I presented the material on them, the data on them to Panyushkin in such a manner that he would be pleased from his own standpoint, to show that his people had no principles, who were ready to do anything, who would not ask them any questions, and wouldn't say anything should they fail.

Good shots, people who knew Germany well because they themselves were Germans, who were not cowards, because these two fought on the Communist side during the Spanish war.

JENNER. *Will you ask him if it was the practice of the MGB to use persons who had experience in the Spanish Civil War for such activity?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, this is a widespread practice.

JENNER. *Would you say it is the practice of the Communist Parties throughout the world to make available such agents for enlistment by the MGB?*

KHOKHLOV. The Communist Party always served faithfully the Soviet Intelligence Service.

JENNER. *The Communists who served in the Spanish Civil War were considered as hard core, obedient servants to the MGB?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes. I know that every man who participated on the Communist side in the Spanish War is within the purview of the Soviet Intelligence, in the field of investigation.

GRIMES. *Now, how long have you known Panyushkin?*

KHOKHLOV. Since the beginning of October, 1953.

GRIMES. *You knew, of course, that he had served for a number of years as the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, did you not?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, and also in other countries.

GRIMES. *Are you able to form an opinion as to the real profession of Panyushkin?*

KHOKHLOV. It seems to me that Panyushkin is a very experienced and well trained intelligence man.

GRIMES. *Now, you spoke of Laboratory 12. What is Laboratory 12?*

KHOKHLOV. Laboratory 12 is an organization, the task of which is working out in preparation of poison

compounds. That is to differentiate this laboratory from Laboratory 13, which is engaged in the task of working out silent, secret weapons.

GRIMES. *I am now going to ask one of our assistants, Mr. Colombo, to exhibit various weapons to the witness.*

What is the weapon which he holds in his hand that looks like a king-size cigarette case?

KHOKHLOV. It is a cigarette case acquired in Western Berlin. Inside there is a specially cast steel block.

GRIMES. *Now, is the weapon, or rather, what looks like a king-size cigarette case which Mr. Colombo holds in his hands, one of the weapons which Laboratory 13 made pursuant to the direction of Panyushkin?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes.

GRIMES. *Now you notice what looks like cigarettes on top of the package, do you not?*

KHOKHLOV. This weapon was never designed or destined to be used at the time when you offer a cigarette and press the button.

This weapon was supposed to be used for shooting at a distance of ten to fifteen meters. And it can shoot a bullet through the lid and has great velocity, power, and it is explosive bullets.

And this is made that when a man pulls it out of his pocket, nobody would pay any attention that it is not a gun, that they would see that he was taking cigarettes out of his pocket. That was the reason for manufacturing such a weapon.

GRIMES. *How was it fired?*

KHOKHLOV. On the right and on the left side of the steel block which is contained within the case there are two steel springs which have to be compressed.

At the moment of compression these close the circuit of a small battery, which is mounted within the case, and then a bullet flies out noiselessly, and absolutely noiselessly, from a special cylinder.

GRIMES. *Is it necessary to remove the fake tops of the cigarettes before the gun is shot?*

KHOKHLOV. No, they remain in place. The bullet passes through them.

GRIMES. *Now, how is the gun pointed?*

KHOKHLOV. By using for aim the edge line of the case.

GRIMES. *Were the bullets in there poisoned?*

KHOKHLOV. Some of them were poison; some were not.

GRIMES. *And you have two cigarette cases; is that correct?*

KHOKHLOV. My group had two of such cases and also two pistols, noiseless pistols.

GRIMES. *What about the bullets in that cigarette case there? They were dum-dum and nicked bullets as well as poison bullets, that is to say, such as those that were poison.*

KHOKHLOV. There were nicked bullets and as such they would open up immediately.

GRIMES. *What type of poison was used in the bullets?*

KHOKHLOV. I do not know exactly, but I heard that it was potassium

cyanide. This is the basic principle in the manufacture of the silent weapons of the MGB. They can have a different shape. They may be used as a tube or as a fountain pen. That depends on the people who order them.

GRIMES. *Now, Mr. Colombo, would you please exhibit one of the other types of weapons?*

KHOKHLOV. This weapon is a regular working weapon of Laboratory 13. They have scores of such pistols.

GRIMES. *Does the pistol fire one bullet or three at the same time?*

KHOKHLOV. You have to press the trigger once for every bullet.

GRIMES. *Are those bullets also poisoned?*

KHOKHLOV. No, some of them were and some were not.

GRIMES. *How good were your experts with those weapons? Were they pretty good shots?*

KHOKHLOV. I was not present at the training of the agents, but the man who trained them was a champion, the Soviet Union champion shot, and he reported to me that they shot very well.

GRIMES. *Will you tell us, please, about your leaving Moscow on this mission, going briefly into the various stages down to the time when you reached Frankfurt?*

KHOKHLOV. The agents were shipped by plane from Berlin to Vienna without me. I stayed in Moscow until the 13th of January, 1954. On the 13th of January, I flew from Moscow in a civil aircraft to Vienna.

In Vienna I was met by the leaders of our group in Austria. I stayed in Vienna until the 8th of February. I checked up on the training of the agents and I also gave directives to the couriers who were supposed to bring money and documents.

But Moscow suddenly put the brakes on this mission, on the implementation of the mission.

My superior explained to me that they did not want the accomplishment of this operation while the Berlin Conference was in session.

GRIMES. *Now, will you continue describing where you went?*

KHOKHLOV. I left for Switzerland, passing through Italy. I met my agents in Switzerland. I gave a directive to one of the agents to leave for Western Germany. I organized the remittance, the transfer of money to Western Germany so that I would have some funds.

GRIMES. *Was this money American money in large part?*

KHOKHLOV. Basically it was dollars.

GRIMES. *Was there a particular reason that the money given you was in dollars?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes. First of all, because this is the most stable currency, and, secondly, this is the money that takes up the least physical volume, space. And on the 17th of February I arrived at Frankfurt.

GRIMES. *Now, will you state, please, in the way it happened, your meeting with Okolovich?*

KHOKHLOV. An opportunity to enter Okolovich's residence presented it-

self only during one hour, between six o'clock and seven o'clock in the evening.

On the 18th of February, at half past six in the evening, I came to Okolovich's residence.

GRIMES. *Why was that hour selected?*

KHOKHLOV. Because this is the time when his guards, people protecting him, would leave him while the street door below in the house where he lived still would not be locked, automatic lock.

GRIMES. *You gained entrance to the apartment house and went up to see Okolovich, did you?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, I went up and I rang his bell.

GRIMES. *How did you handle the problem of identifying yourself quickly, and tell what you did, please?*

KHOKHLOV. He was in his apartment by himself. I asked him to admit me to his apartment and after certain hesitation, he did it. I told him right away that I came from Moscow and I was an intelligence officer and that my mission was to organize his murder.

And in the course of conversation, I was immediately giving him that kind of information which served him as a certain proof that I came from Moscow and that I had information in my possession, the one that I related to him, which could be known only by an officer of MGB.

I told him that I could not kill him because it was impossible for me because I was not an assassin. But I told him that I did not know what

else could I do in the future and I asked him for advice.

He told me that he could guarantee that he will be successful in providing political refuge for me. I told him that I have no need of it. I told him that I was in the possession of a real passport and I had funds in my possession and that I could go some place in order to avoid both interrogation and the possible vengeance on the part of the MGB.

But I was asking him for one thing, to help me to prevent a murder and save my family. I told him that my wife and child were left in Moscow.

He told me that from all appearances NTS acting alone could not save my family. He asked me whether I would permit him to establish contact with Western authorities.

GRIMES. *What did Okolovich say about the feasibility of the NTS being able to bring your wife and child out?*

KHOKHLOV. He wouldn't give me any details, but he told me that they would attempt to do it.

As a matter of fact, they tried to do it and it was going on for two months. I don't know why they didn't succeed.

GRIMES. *You did consult with Western authorities, did you not?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, after the two days I gave a similar request to the Western authorities and I asked them to help me in getting my wife out of the country. A month and

a half after this I was told by them that it was impossible.

Another avenue of action was open to me, suggested to me. There were three forces which were in charge of the fate of my family. MVD, which knew everything. The Soviet Government, which perhaps did not know everything, and the Western public opinion, which did not know anything.

If I kept silence about my arrival to the West and even had I been placed in jail, the MVD still would have known that my wife was dangerous for it. She would have been subjected to isolation immediately, she would have been sent to the concentration camp and separated, flown away from her child, and she would not have existed for a long time.

The Soviet Government could say that it did not know anything at all about this case, and the Western public opinion, the Western people, could not lend even moral support.

There was one minor action which was offered to me and I saw that this was the only way. And that is to tell the whole world about the action, the deed of my wife.

Then the Soviet Government could not say that it had not known about the case, and the public, the Western public opinion, could express its own view upon the matter. This was the way to save my family, the way that was left open to me. And this is the way in which now I place my hopes.

JENNER. *Then it is your hope that the power of American public opinion and world public opinion may yet save your wife and child?*

KHOKHLOV. Yes, and I ask of the American people for a word of compassion and support.

I beg the President of the United States as a representative of the will of the American people to help me to save the life of my wife who has not done anything else but beg, risking everything, risking all, risking her own life and the life of her son, so that I would not become an assassin.

GRIMES. *You have told us about Panyushkin, serving as an ambassador here, being a highly trained intelligence officer. Will you state what you know of the use that is made of Russian embassies in foreign countries for espionage and sabotage purposes?*

KHOKHLOV. Soviet embassies, trade missions, and other organizations, so-called legal organizations, are being used for the gathering of intelligence information. I believe this is common practice.

GRIMES. *Now, did you have a friend who was a second secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Paris?*

KHOKHLOV. I fought together with Major Volokitin when I fought in the partisan occupied regions. In 1951-52, I met him on several occasions. I received information that he received the rank of colonel, and that he left our service and became a second secretary of the Soviet Embassy in Paris.

We had friendly connections only during the war. My defection to the West could not compromise him in any manner. But, at the same time, I know that immediately [it became known] this second secretary was illegally carried out by the ambassador himself from Paris to the Soviet Union on a plane.

GRIMES. *Who was the ambassador?*

KHOKHLOV. I believe it was Vinogradov.

GRIMES. *In what manner was he carried out?*

KHOKHLOV. I know that Molotov permitted Vinogradov to take a plane and leave for Paris. I know that Molotov personally negotiated, came to agreement on this with Bidault.

And instead of the plane containing only Vinogradov, Volokitin and his family were suddenly and to the total surprise of the French authorities, loaded into the plane and carried to Moscow.

GRIMES. *Two last questions.*

Are the Russian people being prepared for war against England and the United States?

KHOKHLOV. The Russian people do not want war.

GRIMES. *Are they being told that there will be a war?*

KHOKHLOV. No, they don't, and they cannot tell this because they know that the Russian people do not want a war. All they will tell them is that the other people want a war against the Soviet people.

Why Collect

BUTTONS

By Waldo Carlton Wright

? ? ?

IT'S LIKELY that you have the beginning for a collection of old buttons stored away in your attic. That is, if you have an attic, or are hoarding Gramma's wedding dress or the blouse that Uncle Harvey wore on San Juan Hill.

Button collections start that way and button collectors find it fun rifling old button boxes in search of "paperweights," "zodiacs," "pictures," "carved pearls" and that endless maze of the unusual which provides one of the thrills of button collecting.

Gathering, identifying, cleaning, mounting and displaying cards of old and rare buttons became popular again shortly before World War II when a Mrs. Gertrude Patterson of Malaga, New Jersey, told listeners on a hobby show how much fun she was having pawing through boxes of the little discs that reflect the arts and crafts since the Middle Ages.

Up to the 1200's, clothing was held in place and dignity maintained by cords, belts, hooks, pins and odd bodkins. But probably some knight discovered that a round disc on his coat of mail provided a handy hook for holding up his tights during a hard joust.

Since then, buttons have been made of any durable material from gold, silver and brass to jungle seeds, horn, wood, amber, shell, porcelain, ivory, leather, hard rubber, dried potatoes and bone. And now, plastic.

Ingenious designs, shapes and colors of buttons furnish delight to collectors who master the simple art of identifying and putting buttons of one type together. For instance, any clear glass button with a metal disc back is known as a kaleidoscope. Such a button brings a dollar or more, depending on the paper design glued between the glass and the metal, how relatively few scratches

there may be on the arc of the clear glass and whether the surface of the glass bulges out or in.

Collectors of kaleidoscopes will drive hundreds of miles in the hope of getting one rare button to fill out a card they have assembled on these fascinating buttons. It's the same story of hunting any type button that strikes their fancy.

But kaleidoscopes are only one small class of glass-type buttons. There are ball, jewel, paperweight, clam, lacy, black, lustre, watch crystals, morning glories, reflectors, mirrors, milk — to list but a few of the kinds of glass discs.

Pearl buttons are equally intriguing. They may be sew-throughs with two, three or four holes, or have a brass serif on the back. A serif may be merely a loop of wire or a post with thread holes bored through the brass, to permit the button being attached to clothing.

Pearls are shaped to resemble animals, stars, fish, teapots, spears, in fact anything that walks, swims, flies or sinks. They are round, square, triangular, or any shape that the maker may have dreamed up.

Pearl buttons have been carved to depict an old mill, a woman at a pump, clasped hands, Kate Greenaway's children, hunting scenes, camcos of the great or near-great, or any story or event that can be carved in miniature.

At that moment the hobby virus takes on a new deadliness, for pictures from story books, the operas, the Bible, mythology, fables have been pressed into brass and collected into buttons which smartened up the coats of children, the blouses of mamas and the waistcoats of daddies down through the ages. The more rare of these are frequently adorned with little hand cut steels that shine like diamonds on milady's coat — or her button cards.

Humpty Dumpty, Venus, Cupid, Apollo, Ghengis Khan, Good King Charles, Jenny Lind, Poor Butterfly, Pierrot the Clown, the Queen of Sheba, the Fox and the Crow, Trumpeter of Sackinger, Marguerite at her spinning wheel, Moses in the Bullrushes, St. George and the Dragon, Orpheus and Eurydice — such vestiges of former heroes and heroines will start you on delightful excursions into the history of fact, fancy and romance.

If you are wondering what this hobby may cost, stop worrying. Button collecting need not be more expensive than you care to make it. You will pay about thirty cents for any button worth retaining. But you'll acquire desirable little discs as gifts. The button collector's main basis of building her collection is trading duplicates and gifts. Then from time to time you'll add rarer buttons through dealers listed in such magazines as *Antiques*, *Hobbies*, and *Just Buttons*, the publication of the National Button Society.

SOONER or later every button collector comes by story or picture

Advantages of this fascinating hobby range from compactness to variety, from local exploration to searching dealers' stocks for what you need to piece out a card. Good buttons never deteriorate, once you have put them in a drawer where they are dry and safe. For as soon as possible you mount them on cards 9 by 12 inches. First, with a nut-pick, punch holes through the card at regular intervals, usually an inch apart. In these holes you insert the serif of a button and hold it in place by slipping through a short section of pipe cleaner.

Sew-through buttons and those with self-serifs may be held in place by thread or, if the holes are large enough, by thin pipe cleaners or small safety pins.

Soon you will find yourself examining both sides of any button. Often the clue to source, age and value is disclosed by the manufacturer's stamp or hallmark, style of serif, or even the pick points on genuine horn buttons. In this zipper, plastic age, any button made before 1920 is worth looking over, including

the realistics or what most collectors call the "goofies." One of the latest desideratum is overall buttons.

You'll even find seventeenth and eighteenth century buttons that adorned the greatcoats and waistcoats of our ancestors. Such buttons, including the Japanese Netsukes, the Wedgwood porcelains, the fragile watch crystals, the French carved steels, the Indian topaz, have to be seen to give you more than a passing insight into the many delights and satisfactions of button collecting. Small wonder that today, putting together an assortment of old buttons, cleaning and carding them and finally showing them to your friends and other hobbyists can be a delightful way to pass many hours.

So daily the number of button collectors grows to rival stamp and coin collecting in popularity. Once more you hear a modern version of "button, button, who's got the button." You are in there searching, hoping to find a plaid enamel, a Skater in Central Park or the Jacksonian goldie you need for your collection.

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**WEBER**

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The Road to Anti-Communism

How TV Molds Your Mind

**What Has Joe McCarthy
Accomplished?**

**An Anti-Communist's Guide
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The Soviet's Second Front

**Twenty-four Steps to
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